

1941

The Tomokan Yearbook 1941

Rollins College Students

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TOMOKAN

HAMILTON HOLT







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Here...

PICTORIALLY

PRESENTED

IS

YOU AND

YOUR COLLEGE

Dedicated to You

Quite conceivably Rollins could live without its classrooms, its dormitories, its laboratories, its books, (perhaps even without its faculty) but without the students it would be meaningless. And so it is, that to you, without whom the very name of Rollins College could have no significance; to you who give life to the college, this Tomokan is dedicated. For you Rollins was founded and dedicated and only with you can it flourish.





F O R E W O R D

There is the essence of immortality in the expressed aims of Rollins College. President Hamilton Holt's viewpoints coalesce timeless ideals expressed by great men through the ages. This, the 1941 Rollins TOMOKAN, will strive to present some of the ideals voiced by the sages as they have been adapted to life at Rollins.

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...Fleet Peeples was not told to be rude...¹

LIFE AT RANDOM

Ever debonair and casual, Dr. Holt roughed it in his jaunty mother-of-pearl cuff links, and Lou Bethea stared at the President's fingers as he plunked a half-forgotten song of old Yale, that is Dr. Holt did. Why did Lou do this? Perhaps he was told to. Certainly Fleet Peeples was not told to be rude and pay no attention to Yale.¹

On the walk of fame is an old millstone—nobody knows how old but me—on which is inscribed WALK OF FAME. Gertrude Musselwhite has been at Rollins, Io, these long six years—but only on the day our stralling photographer hap-

pened by, did she ever notice this stone and ponder its mystic meaning?²

Dances are such fun aren't they? Dr. Holt thinks so, for: No fumbling foxtrotter is genial, jovial, jocund Prexy Holt. "Prexy" is a name of endearment, not a barbed witticism.³

This is an entrance to a building on the Rollins campus, but where? By this I mean, where is this the entrance to?⁴

In the Cash Prizes picture, we ought to notice the details, but there aren't any details, so on we go.⁵



...nobody knows how old but me...²



No fumbling foxtrotter is genial, jovial, jocund...³

There is a strange coincidence in the MacArthur and Casey strains. Their fathers were the Emperor of China and their mothers were an Indian queen. Here we see one of

each strain when the Thing is upon them. Dreadful demons, possessed.⁶

All the people at this school are quite short and wide as

...where is this the entrance to?²⁴





...but there aren't any...⁵



Dreadful demons, possessed.⁶

shown by this couple found at random in this cloister, except for the two at right who ore quite toll ond thin.⁷

Students are often permitted to study in class during the second hour of the period. Here ore o few students who just stepped out for a coco-colo, except for the two in extreme background who went back for their reference books.⁸

Standing from left to right: Joseph C. Lincoln, outhor.⁹

No port time job is suove, devil-may-care Dean Cleveland's, who fortnight ogo was caught chatting with eoger, be-moustached student.¹⁰

Dorothy Lockhart knows so many important people. Here she is with one of her little friends. H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. I don't know which.¹¹

Typical scene on the Rollins fomous "Horseshoe," cele-

All the people...are quite short and wide...⁷





...the two in extreme background who went back for...books⁸

brated in song and fable. This is the time—oh, wait! That's not on the Horseshoe at all. Notice the protective coloring of the student in foreground.¹²

Something to do for everybody at Rollins and everybody has something to do. Pauline twirls dials. Lamar hears

things in earphones and writes down gibberish. Micky blandly advertises Ivory Soap on 160 meters, quite against the laws of the Radio Commission. And Reilly—Gad, what is he doing? Whole thing looks faked, doesn't it?¹³

The Chapel garden is a holy and enchanted place. Who-

Standing from left to right...⁹



...chatting with eager...¹⁰





...with one of her little friends¹¹



...the protective coloring...¹²

soever enters its confines is struck by a strange spell which makes him walk stiffly in lockstep with whosoever else enters its confines. Janet Jones is the only person known to be unaffected by this spell.¹⁴

Some say this is a pretty picture, especially when printed on glossy paper. It was taken by John Homan, but nobody will believe him when he tells them. "If it's yours, where are the thumbprints and the splotches?" they retort.¹⁵

Whole thing looks faked, doesn't it?¹³

...is struck by a strange spell...¹⁴





"...where are the thumbprints and splotches..."¹⁵

Snapped in a facetious mood beside his bicycle was erst-while Rollins Professor Robert Benchley, who is oftentimes mistaken for cinemactor Charlie Archelaus Steel when posing with his X Club on another page.¹⁶

The Beanery is such a pleasant place that students begin to congregate there hours before mealtime. Once in a

while a student gets bored with waiting like Ronny in foreground, but Scotty has never been known to stop looking expectantly at the Beonery door. McFall just nibbles on his forefinger.¹⁷

John Homan's second love is photography. His first love is that of playing the role of a bigtime Tomokan photograph-

...mistaken for cinemactor...Steel...¹⁶



McFall just nibbles on his forefinger¹⁷





...playing the role of a bigtime...¹⁸



...the models who profit by being hazy¹⁹

er. He often gives earnest directions to his lackey, Frank Barber, who pays no attention to them but fumbles with an exposure meter which he never could learn to operate.¹⁸

This picture was taken to determine the depth of focus of the new Zeiss X29 camera. Notice the grass that is clear and the grass that is hazy. Notice the models who

suffer by being clear and the models who profit by being hazy.¹⁹

Let's see. The last picture was No. 257N46. What's this? My gosh, there's no code number on this one! How do they expect a guy to tell what a picture is of when there's no code number on it? Sorry, I just can't do a thing with it.²⁰

...no code number on it? Sorry, I just can't do a thing with it.²⁰





...sticking bottle caps on his Brownie...²¹



...the four virtues: Lamar, Dudley, Dick, and Wolf.²²

Every good photographer knows that, in order to get a really good picture, one just must get up in a tree, especially a tree I could never possibly climb. Mr. Cist spent a whole afternoon sticking bottle caps on his Brownie so this would look as though he handled a complicated apparatus.²¹

This is the famous Three Flag Group which precedes all academic processions as a motorcycle cop would a parade. Four extra flags have been added to symbolize the four virtues: Lamar, Dudley, Dick, and Wolf.²²

This one looks posed too, but professional picture posers agree that this one must have happened naturally as getting such a large bunch of freshman boys together in rat caps with these peculiar expressions would be well nigh impossible, although heaven knows what they're up to.²³

Miss Lyle thrashes out a knotty problem with Jeanie Turner who pretends not to notice sweetbreads in crock to left.²⁴

Shades of 1909! Hurrah for dear old Rollins! Twenty-

...heaven knows what they're up to.²³



...notice sweetbreads in crock...²⁴





Notice snow on ground²⁵



...through a blue serge suit²⁶

three skidoo, and swing that paddle, kid! Sadists. Notice snow on ground.²⁵

No, this is not Charlie Steel. It is not even Robert Benchley. It is only a winter visitor relaxing at the Animated Magazine, and drinking in his quota of Florida sun through a blue serge suit. The Animated Magazine is the only magazine in existence which comes alive. Sca-a-ry, ain't it?²⁶

Part of the Rollins family drink moo-moo. This is a cute little word meaning milk and proving that the students

still have that childlike faith in the greater good. Sometimes it doesn't do them any good, moo-moo I mean.²⁷

Here is the only known photograph of the Archduke Otto.²⁸

(This is one of those desks which fold up. It just did—whoosh!—spilling Gregg's new typewriter all over the floor. There may be a slight delay while we get a new typewriter. I hope you'll bear with me and I hope Gregg does too.)

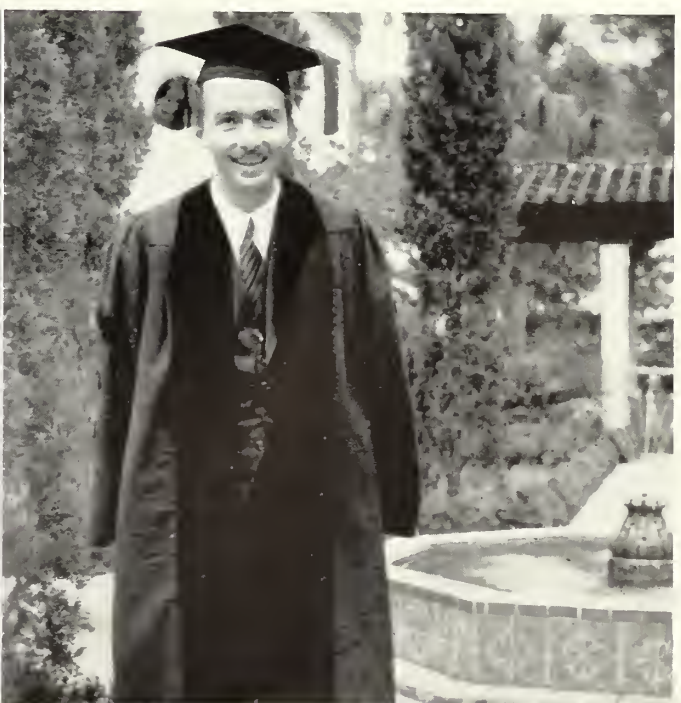
(Back again. Waiting long?)

I took this little shot for the series Life is running on

...a cute little word meaning milk...²⁷



...only known photograph...²⁸





I took this little shot for the series *Life is running on...*²⁹



...so they had to prop it up...³⁰



...atmosphere is so pleasant...³¹

Rollins next week. The fellow pulling the girl up is not Charlie Steel. Guess who it is. No, not R. B. either.²⁹

What is this? A photo-art contest? Pop wouldn't touch the cigarette, so they had to prop it up behind him.³⁰

This signifies the significant fact that all Rollins students just love to study significant things because the atmosphere is so pleasant. After all, learning should be the greatest joy.³¹

This looks darn near real. Everybody stands around in a huddle reading each other's mail. They have completely

mastered the technique of not seeming to be interested, so of course it doesn't look like it.³²

thequickbrownfoxjumpedoverthelazybrowndogkdjeomdjwu³³

The Count Maeterlinck, author of the Dinky Bird, can sure pack a mean snowball. Just look at that big whopper he's making in the chapel garden! He's wearing his monk costume so no one will suspect him when he hits somebody with it, the snowball I mean. Of special interest to our women readers is this intimate view of the Countess Maeterlinck whose arm seems to be restraining the mad monk.³⁴

...so of course it doesn't look like it.³²



...foxjumpedoverthelazybrowndogkdjeom...³³





... that big whopper he's making ...³⁴



picture of a ...³⁵

... so I just faked one up in my studio. ... unless you look too closely³⁶





...she opens her mouth expectantly. .37



Notice the lady in the hat.38

Picture of a window.35

This was another of the shots I did for Life. It was too much trouble to get a real lake so I had to fake one up in my studio. It's a good job, if I do say so myself, unless you look too closely.36

In the background is Dick Wesson tossing off a glass of brandy neat. Potty Pritchard looks coyly at barkeep Emory. Charlotte Stout's mother takes good care of her throat when she's home. But at Rollins when she opens her mouth expectantly, nobody shoots throat spray into it, as seen by picture.37

Ah, what a picture! I really ought to be able to go to town on this one. Notice the lady in the hat. Notice Mr. Beal-Maltbie, or Mr. Molt-Bealy; or is it Mr. Davis? This

is too good and too indistinct. I can't do justice to it, so I won't.38

One day the Spanish moss was waving, the wind was warm, soft, and moist. Dean Enyart felt like a stroll, so he walked down to look at the lake, when whom should he meet but little Jenelle. Jenelle had just combed her hair and washed her face, and as the Spanish moss was blowing, she had betaken herself down to have a look at the lake too. "Well," said the Dean, "going down to have a look at the lake, eh?" "Yes," said Jenelle.39

When Osa Johnson was a little girl, her mother said, "Osa, be careful what you set your heart upon for surely it will be thine." Osa now holds an honorary Doctor of Humani-

"Well," said the Dean...39



That's she in the center...40





Have you ever heard of the fox hall dwarf? On clear days...⁴¹

ties degree from Rollins College. That's she in the center with Spec Holland, who's known as just plain "Guv" to his intimates.⁴⁰

Have you ever heard of the Fox Hall dwarf? On clear days he can be plainly seen gazing down into the Fox Hall chimney. Sometimes on cold winter nights the girls in Fox Hall wonder what he sees in their old chimney anyway.⁴¹

One night I got tired working in my darkroom and took a little dope just to keep me going. I had an old spirit picture lying around which showed ectoplasm flowing from the mouth of a medium. I also had one of an old sea captain blowing one of those old foghorns in a heavy fog. "These ought to be of some use," I said to myself. So I turned over the first one sideways and superimposed the other on it—and look what I got!⁴²

...and look what I got!⁴²



...the white, oh, so white shoes...⁴³





...smiling away on all eight cylinders...⁴⁴



...two romantic dons of old...⁴⁵

Another of my shots for Life. Nice? Notice the detail, the depth of focus, the white, oh, so white, shoes, and the absence of Homan's thumbprints.⁴³

Don't you believe it! Such scenes are quite common at Rollins but not like this. Every one of them is smiling away on all eight cylinders, and Liberman never has anything to

do with that fellow Sharp.⁴⁴

Here we see two romantic dons of Old Mexico on the steps of their old hacienda dreaming of the days of old. Have you ever noticed that all casual shots of Rollins students show them smoking a pipe, except girls?⁴⁵

View of a girls' dormitory.⁴⁶—R. M.

View...⁴⁶

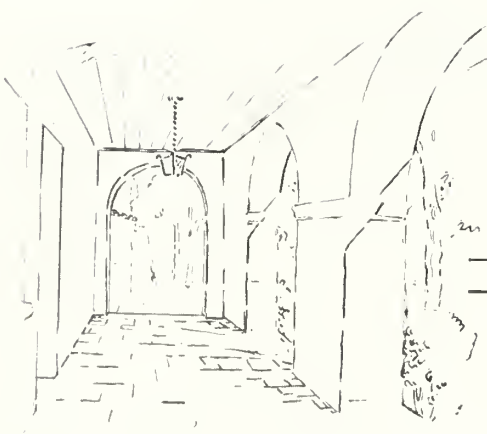


"The mind is not a vessel which calls for filling. It is a pile which simply requires kindling-wood to start the flame of eagerness for original thought and ardor for truth."

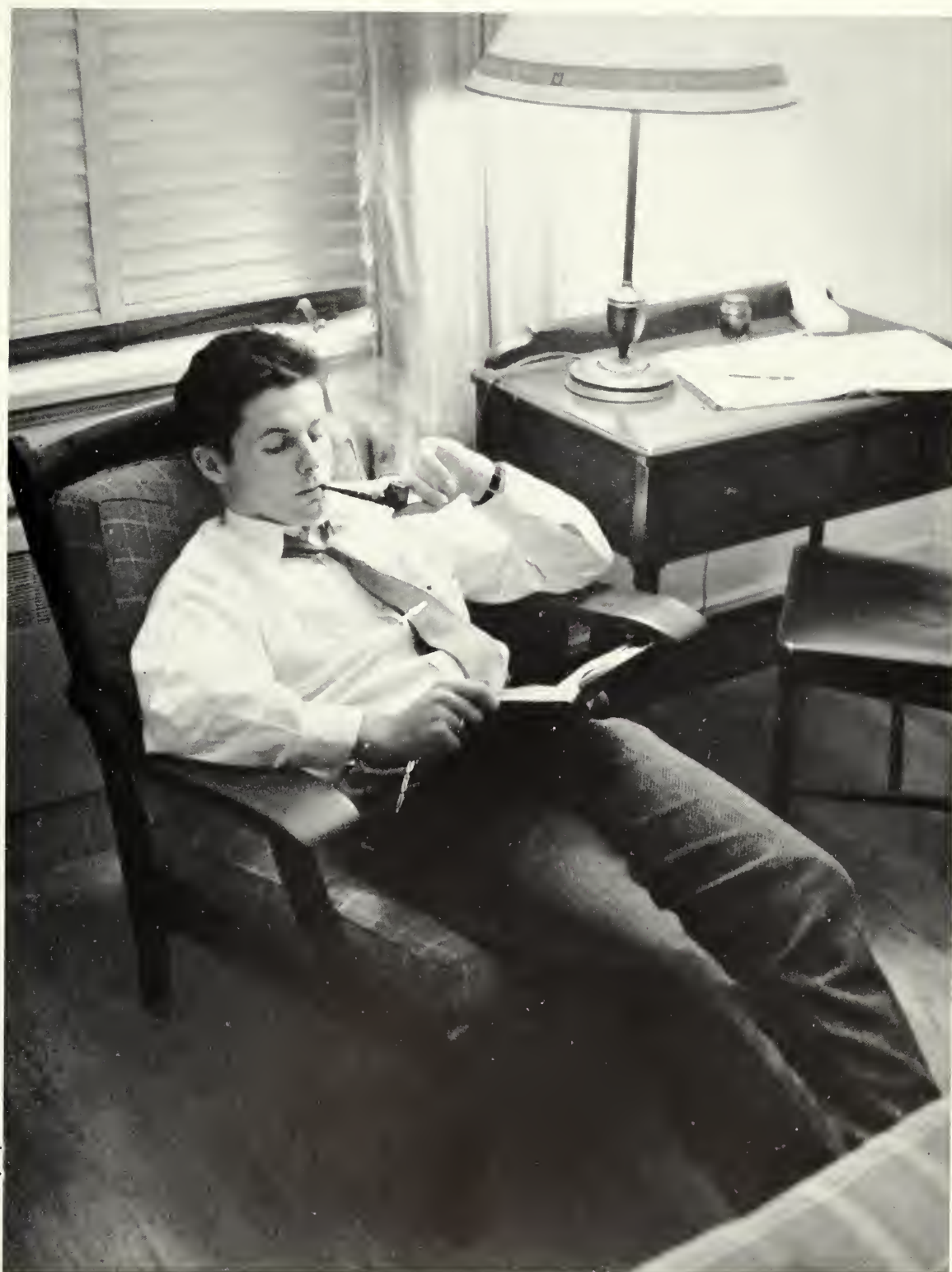
—Plutarch in *The Student at Lectures*

"No educational institution can educate anybody. All true education is self-education. A school or college can aid, clarify, stimulate, and point out the way but the work must be done and the path must be trod by the individual."

—Hamilton Holt.



You and Work





LEARNING REPLACES INSTRUCTION

By Dick Kelly

One of the dangers of writing for so permanent a publication as a college year book is the longevity of such annuals. Thirty years hence the folly of your words leap back at you as you leaf through its yellowing pages. The newspaper or the magazine writer can hide behind the skirts of passing time, but the year book, like the poor, we have always with us. Hence, the tendency to weightiness and verbosity noticeable in most college annuals. The writers, conscious of their trust, inscribe each precious word upon the pages with painstaking care. This custom we shall hereby proceed to flaunt, reserving, however, the immemorial privilege of every American to get himself out of a host of dogmatic statements.

If there is anything that has been cussed and discussed more than the question, "What is the

Conference System?" we have yet to run across it, although we know the term "Liberal" has come in for a good deal of analysis recently, too. Before going on, suppose we see what such authorities as the College Catalogue and Professor Rhea Marsh Smith have to say on the subject.

Under Conference Plan, Description of . . . in the current Catalogue, we find the following: "The ideal at Rollins is to substitute, as far as possible, learning for instruction, to encourage the intellectual curiosity, an enthusiasm of the student, and to develop the individual to the limit of his capacity." (Certainly a worthy aim.)

Continuing, the catalogue asserts that "The Conference or 'workshop plan' is almost entirely concerned with method rather than content. One purpose of this plan is to humanize education by

bringing the student and the professor into closer contact. During the conference period students spend their time in study, in conference with the professor, in small group discussion, in writing class papers, in preparing outlines, and in studying matters incident to the mastery of the subject.

"Each instructor is permitted to apply the plan to his courses in the manner which he thinks best adapted to the subject studied," the catalogue states . . . "The lock-step method of procedure has been largely eliminated and students are permitted to progress as rapidly as course requirements and their ability require." So much for the catalogue. We shall here attempt to outline the workings of the Integrated Plan, the Upper and Lower Division Boards, etc. If we can get close to the heart of the Conference Plan in our allotted 1500 words, our task will be finished.

Quoting from an article by Dr. Rhea Marsh Smith in the Orlando Morning Sentinel, we find: "The success of the Conference Plan in stimulating closer contact between instructor and student is evident to any casual visitor on campus. The college is limited to 500 students, and classes to 20, preferably 15 students. The classes are small and informal in procedure . . . a congenial familiarity exists on the campus as the student strives to build himself and the professor hears his problems with patience and understanding."

"The whole college problem is adjusted so that the student can learn both in study and in conference in the presence of the instructor. Above all, the Conference Plan assumes that the student came to college to learn and encourages him to take the initiative in his own education."

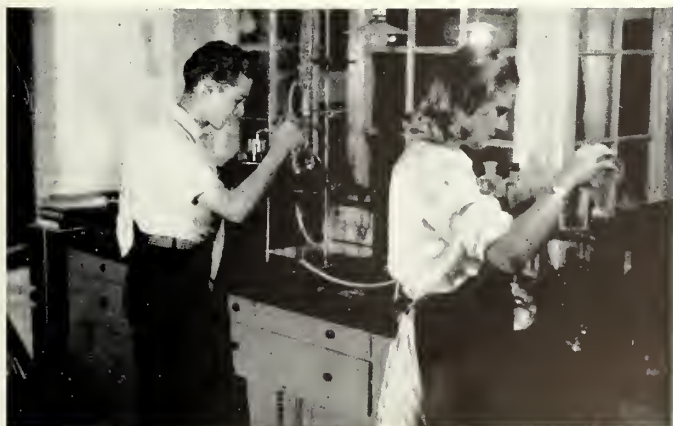


"Each one interprets the Conference Plan in his own way"

Here then, are the avowed purposes of the plan, along with the means by which it is to help the student attain his ideals. Now the question is, what degree of coordination is there "Tween the intention and the act"?

One of the best explanations of the difficulty experienced by local debaters about the Rollins Plan is contained in the catalogue's claim that "Each instructor is permitted to apply the Plan to his courses in the manner he thinks best adapted to the subject studied." There are roughly, about seventy-five full time instructors in Rollins' six major departments . . . and each one interprets the Conference Plan in his own way! Therefore, while it is relatively easy to state and define the IDEALS of the Rollins Conference Plan, the attempts of both students and faculty members to reach any full agreement on a definition of what

Gross and Ellie discover that H_2S really IS the formula for Hydrogen Sulfide.



"Classes are small."



the Plan is in itself, seems doomed to reach an impasse.

There are scattered instances that advocates of the lecture system still perform their nefarious undercover work in the confines of the various classrooms. Still, there is little doubt that the outlined methods of humanizing education by bringing student and instructor together is more generally practiced in varying degree. There are, of course, those few subjects which almost dictate the use of the lecture system, particularly in the Lower Division classes of 20 or more. Generally speaking, classes over 20 are the exception, with some classes having as few as three or even less enrolled. Under such conditions the Conference Plan approaches its fullest realization.

The Lower Division students, before choosing their major subjects, sometimes seemed disillusioned about the plan, but in almost every case, senior students who have narrowed down their field know that the plan is working. In the departments of Science and the Expressive Arts, students experience the closest personalized education from start to finish, while in the larger, more crowded fields of Human Relations, Physical Education, English, and the Foreign Languages, the plan must wait until the chaff is separated from the wheat and the larger classes whittled down before it begins to work to its best advantage.

The bringing together of the student and the instructor into close contact can be a good thing or a bad thing, depending greatly upon the character,



Here we see Dr. Clarke breaking the rules by lecturing.

personality, temperament, and wisdom of the instructor. Here again, although for the greater part the instructor fits well into his niche as friend and counselor-instructor and leader, the law of averages inevitably asserts itself, and there are those few men who would function better under the lecture system. At once the curse and blessing of the Conference Plan, the intimate contact between student and instructor at Rollins places a tremendous responsibility upon the latter. If he meets the requirements as an instructor, and fails as a friend and a counselor, he finds his sphere of influence negligible.

If there is one thing the Conference Plan inevitably develops, it is the ability on the part of

"Intimate contact places a tremendous responsibility upon the Instructor"



Second hour is spent in study.





Dr. Stone is startled by new interpretation of Objective Idealism



Talton extols the capitalist system

students to evaluate people, and, woe to the hapless professor who falls behind, who gets in a rut, becomes emotional, personalized or drab in his classes. The campus grapevine clamps an indelible black mark upon him, and his classes, unless they are sought out as snaps by the lazy student, soon fall off in attendance.

And is this not education? "The Proper Study of Mankind—Is Man," said Pope. Who will dispute this today when everything points to the importance of individual judgment and knowledge of the other man's viewpoint?

But all this, while important, dwindles into insignificance unless we consider the cornerstone in the structure of the Conference Plan. That basic premise is the assumption, on the part of Rollins College, "... that the student came to college to learn ... to take the initiative in his own education, study regularly, and apply himself steadily as he would have to do in later life, no longer subjected to

the passive role of being 'spoon-fed'."

This is the heart of the Conference Plan and the enigmatical answer to those few students who find fault with it. Conditioned by years of conventional educational methods in private and public schools, all dedicated to the premise that education is a necessary but laborious task, they have failed to realize that new and exciting adventures in learning await them here.

Scholars and savants throughout the ages have advocated the establishment of such an educational institution, but from the time of the Greeks and Plato, circumstances, customs, and dogmatists have fought against its orientation. Since Rollins adopted this plan in 1931, many colleges and secondary schools throughout the nation and the world have thrown off convention and helped lead the revolutionary ideals as set forth here.

A synthesis of the wisdom of the ages awaits the student at Rollins, with Dr. Hamilton Holt, a great mind, a great personality, shaping its progress.

Rollins, in assuming that you, its students, "came to college to learn ... to take the initiative in your own education ..." is placing her future in YOUR hands. The potentialities here are unplumbed, depthless. You draw your own horizons and future, near or far, small or great. Here is the essence of a great ideal. Here is education for life, the challenge of a new era. If Rollins and the Conference Plan do not succeed, there can be but one indictment... that her student body failed to take advantage of one of the finest educational plans yet devised. Sooner or later in life you will reach a place where you must go forth alone, with no guiding hands, no helping arms. Here you can prepare for that greater moment, when you take the initiative of your own life's work upon yourself.

Student Terhune stalks in stacks



"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

—Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3.

"A student enrollment limited to 500 seems to me
about the largest number that enables all the students
to know each other by their first names."

—Hamilton Holt.



You and I





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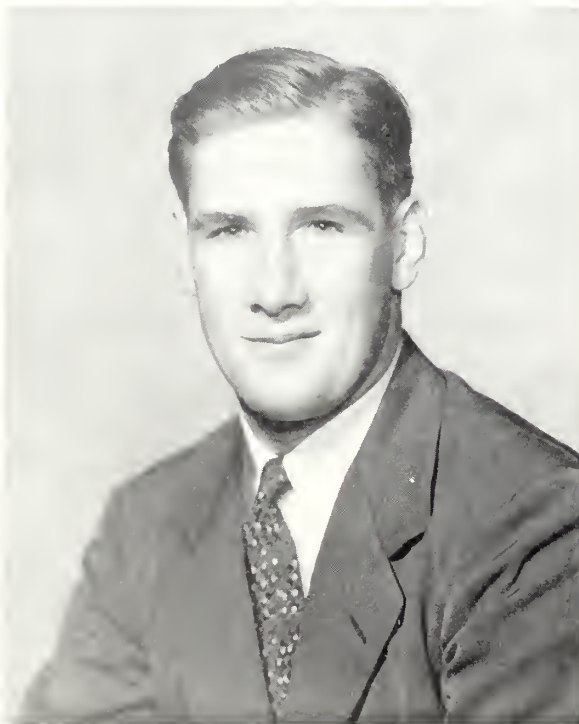
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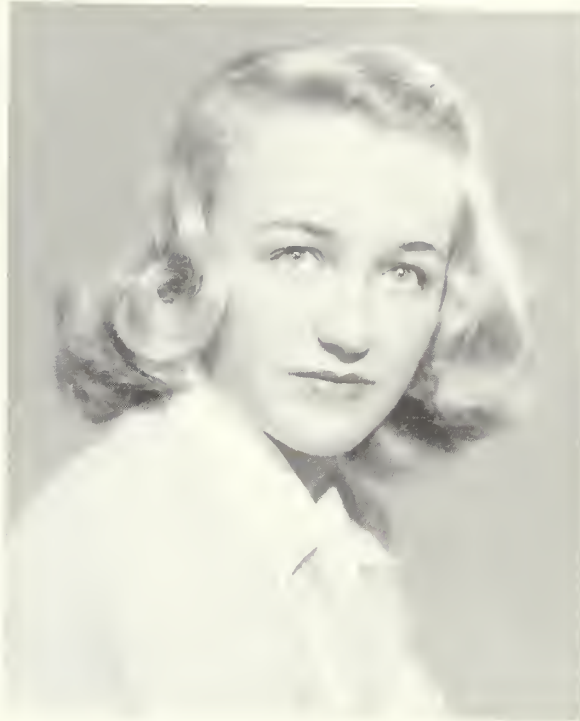


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PRE-MEDICAL



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Philipse Manor, New York
HUMAN RELATIONS



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Glencoe, Illinois
PSYCHOLOGY



PATRICIA VAN SCHOIACK

St. Louis, Missouri
PHILOSOPHY



RICHARD HOWARD VERIGAN

Winter Park, Florida
PRE-MEDICAL



RICHARD SIMS WESSON
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION



MINTER JACKSON WESTFALL, JR.
Orlando, Florida
BIOLOGY



SUZANNE WILLIS
Washington Court House, Ohio
ENGLISH

W H O ' S W H O

EMILY AKERMAN

Pi Beta Phi; Studio Club '40; transfer from Fla. State College '40.

CHARLES ARNOLD

Independent Greek; "R" Club '40-'41; Pan-American League '40-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Intramurals '39-'41; Basketball '40-'41; Sandspur '39-'40; Key Society '41.

FRANK BARBER

Independent; "R" Club '39-'41; Student Council '39-'40; Football (Mgr.) '39-'41; Basketball (Mgr.) '39-'41; Intramural Board '40-'41; Intramurals '39-'41; Tomokan '40-'41.

LOU BETHEA

Phi Delta Theta (Treasurer '38-'41); "R" Club '38-'41; Studio Club '40-'41; International Rel. Club '38-'39; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Football '37-'41; All-State Back (honorable mention) '39-'40; All-State Half-back '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Honor Roll '38-'39; Commercial Art Prize '38-'41; Algernon Sullivan Award '39-'40; Art Scholarship Award.

EARL BRANKERT

"X" Club; "R" Club '37-'41; Football '37-'41; Baseball '37-'41; Basketball '38-'40; Intramurals '37-'41.

BARBARA BROCK

Pi Beta Phi; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Social Service Com. '39-'41; Intramural Board '39-'41; Intramurals '39-'41.

JOHN BUCKWALTER

Kappa Alpha (Pres. '39-'41); O.D.K. '39-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Phi Society '37-'41; Theta Alpha Phi '39-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Key Society '40-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); O. O. O. O. '37-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Chapel Choir '37-'41; Freshman Players (Director '37-'41); Student Players '38-'41 (Pres. '39-'41); Interracial Club '38-'39; Bach Festival '37-'41; Student Council '38-'40; Christmas Fund Com. (Chairman '40-'41); Chapel Staff '38-'41 (Chairman '39-'41); Publications Union '39-'40; Tomokan '37-'41; Sandspur '38-'41 (Editor '39-'40); Flamingo '39-'41; Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award '40-'41; Pi Beta Phi Dramatic Award '38-'39; Honor Roll '38-'41; "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41; Blue Book of American Univ. Men '39-'40.

ROBERT BURNS

Independent; Graduate Yale Art School; Studio Club '39-'41; Bach Festival '39-'41; Intramurals '39-'41; Tomokan '40-'41; (Co-Editor, Art '40-'41).

MELVIN CLANTON

Kappa Alpha (Treas. '38-'39, V. Pres. '40-'41); Student Council '38-'39; "Rat" Com. '40-'41; Football '37-'41; Crew '37-'41 (Capt. '40-'41); Little All-American honorable mention for tackle '40-'41; All-State Tackle '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'40; Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award '39-'40; Treasurer Senior Class '40-'41.

WILLIAM COLLINS

Sigma Nu; Intramurals '36-'41.

DONALD CRAM

Lambda Chi Alpha '37-'41; Phi Society '38-'41; Choir '37-'41; International Rel. Club '38-'39; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Bach Festival '37-'41; Student Refugee Com. '39-'40; Radio Com. '38-'41; Honor Roll '37-'38; Intramurals '37-'41; Flying Club '40; German Club '38-'40; Student Announcer '40-'41; Christmas Fund Com. '37-'38; Zeta Alpha Epsilon '41; Pres. Freshmen Players '37; Singing Waiters '37-'41; O.O.O.O. '37-'41.

ELIZABETH CUMMIN

Independent; Tennis '39-'40; Intramurals '39-'40; Sandspur '39-'40.

DUDLEY DARLING

Lambda Chi Alpha '37-'41 (President '39-'40); O.D.K. '39-'41 (President '40-'41); Pi Gamma Mu '39-'41; Theta Alpha Phi '39-'41 (Treasurer '40-'41); O.O.O.O. '37-'41; Chapel Choir '37-'41; Student Players, '39-'41; International Relations Club '37-'41; Order of Cat and Fox '37-'41; Bach Festival '37-'41; Annie Russell Company '38-'41; Student Council '39-'40 (Pres. '39-'40); Christmas Fund Com. '40-'41; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Social Com. '39-'40; Student-Faculty Disc. '39-'40; Educational Survey Com. '39-'40; Varsity Tennis '39-'40; Intramurals '37-'41; Publications Union '37-'41 (Pres. '38-'39); Tomokan '40-'41 (Editor); "R" Book '37-'39 (Business Manager '37-'39); Honor Roll '39-'40; Annie Russell Award '37-'38; Student Union Building Com. '37-'39 (Pres. '37-'39); President, Freshman Class '37-'38; Refugee Com. '39-'40; "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41; Director Intramural Play '39-'40; Key Society '41.

ROBERT DAVIS

Phi Delta Theta '37-'41; Football '39-'40; Tennis '38-'41 (Capt. '39-'40); Intramurals '37-'41.

BETTY DE GIERS

Kappa Kappa Gamma (Sec. '39-'40, V. Pres. '40-'41); Phi Society '38-'39; Order of the Libra '39-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); French Club '37-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Spanish Club '39-'40; German Club '37-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'41; Social Service Com. '37-'41 (Co-Chairman '40-'41); Student Council '39-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); Christmas Fund Com. '37-'41; Student Refugee Com. '39-'40; Social Com. '40-'41; Student-Faculty Discipline Com. '39-'40; Chapel Staff '37-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Conference Committee '37-'39; Riding '40-'41; Intramurals '38-'40; Sandspur '37-'41; Medal of the French Republic; Honor Roll '38-'40; "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41; Marshal, Junior and Senior Classes '39-'41.

BETTY STEVENS EDMONSON

Gamma Phi Beta; International Rel. Club '38-'39; Basketball '38-'39; Swimming '38-'39; Volleyball '38-'41; Intramurals '38-'41; Equestrian Awards.

EMANUEL EHRLICH

Sigma Phi Omega (Pres. '38-'41); O.D.K. '40-'41; Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41; Theta Alpha Phi '40-'41; Freshman Players '37-'38; Student Players '39-'41; International Rel. Club '37-'38; Interracial Club '37-'38; Oratorical Ass'n '37-'38; Social Serv. Com. '37-'38; Chapel Ushers '37-'38; Student Council '38-'41; Christmas Fund Committee '39-'40; Student Refugee Com. '39-'40; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; "Rat" Committee '38-'39; Fencing '37-'39 (Capt. '38-'39); Florida State Fencing Champion '39-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Tomokan '39-'40; Sandspur '37-'39; Interfraternity Council '38-'41.

EVERETT FARNSWORTH

Sigma Nu (Pres. '40-'41); Pi Kappa Delta '37-'41 (V. Pres. '39-'40, Pres. '40-'41); Chapel Choir '37-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'38; Oratorical Ass'n '37-'41; Bach Festival '37-'39; Student Radio Announcer '39-'41; Student Council '39-'40; Radio Committee '40-'41 (Chairman); Intramurals '37-'41; Publications Union '39-'40; "R" Book '39-'40 (Business Manager '39-'40).

NORINE FARR

Phi Mu (Pres. '40-'41); Phi Society '38-'41; Key Society '40-'41; Order of the Libra '40-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); Chapel Choir '38-'41; French Club '38-'40; Spanish Club '40; Pan-American League '40-'41 (V. Pres and Treas.); International Rel. Club '38-'39; Interracial Club '38; Bach Festival '38-'40; Student Council '39-'40; Christmas Fund Committee '40-'41; Student Refugee Committee '40; Student Advisory Committee '40; Intramurals '40-'41; Sandspur '38-'40 (Copy Editor); Honor Roll '38-'40; "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41.

VIRGINIA FENDER

Phi Mu; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Social Service Com. '40-'41; Student Council '40-'41.

JOHN GIANTONIO

Phi Delta Theta (Pres. '40-'41); O.D.K. '40-'41; O.O.O.O. '40-'41; "R" Club '38-'41; Chapel Choir '37-'38; Bach Festival '37-'39; Student Council '39-'40; Student Advisory Committee '40-'41; Football '38-'41; Crew '38-'41; All-State mention in football; Intramurals '38-'41; Publications Union '39-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Sandspur '39-'41 (Bus. Mgr.); "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41.

JESS GREGG

Kappa Alpha (Sec. '40-'41); O.D.K. '40-'41; Theta Alpha Phi '40-'41; Studio Club '39-'41; Freshman Players '37-'38; Student Players '39-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'40; Interracial Club '38-'39; Order of Cat and Fox '39-'41; Chapel Ushers '37-'40; Intramurals '38-'39; Publications Union '39-'41; Tomokan '38-'41; Sandspur '38-'41; Flamingo '37-'41 (Editor '40-'41); "R" Book '39-'40 (Editor '39-'40); Honor Roll '39-'40; Annie Russell Award '38-'39; Allied Arts First Prize '38-'40; Story Magazine Short Story Contest (hon. mention) '40.

ANSEL GRIDLEY

Independent Greek; Radio Committee '39-'40; Radio Club '38-'41.

ELLEN GROSS

Kappa Alpha Theta; Women's Athletic Ass'n '39-'41; Studio Club '40-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Interracial Club '40-'41; Social Service Com. '39-'41.

MAUDE GUILLOW

Kappa Alpha Theta; Women's Athletic Ass'n '39-'41; Studio Club '40-'41; Chapel Choir '38-'39; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Interracial Club '39-'41; Social Service Com. '39-'41; Sandspur '39-'41; House President '40-'41.

JEROME HAGOOD

Independent; Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41.

BETTY HALL

Chi Omega (V. Pres. '39-'40, Treas. '40-'41); Pi Kappa Delta '39-'41; Women's Athletic Ass'n '37-'41; Freshman Players '37-'38; Pan-American League '40-'41; International Rel. Club '38-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Oratorical Ass'n '39-'41; Social Service Com. '40-'41; Esperanto Club '38-'39; Student Council '40-'41 (Inner Council '40-'41); Christmas Fund Com. '39-'40; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '38-'40; Varsity Archery Team '39-'40; House President, Strong Hall '40-'41.

WILLIAM HARMS

Independent; German Club '39-'40; Intramurals '38-'40; 1st and 2nd prizes of Allied Art Society of Winter Park in sculpturing; 1st prize of Allied Art Society of Florida in sculpturing.

RALPH HARRINGTON

Phi Delta Theta; Chapel Choir '38-'40; Student Players '38-'40; German Club '38-'39; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Oratorical Ass'n '38-'39; Intramurals '38-'41.

JOHN LANGDON HARRIS

"X" Club; O.O.O.O. '37-'41; "R" Club '37-'41; Chapel Choir '37-'38; International Rel. Club '37-'40; Chapel Ushers '37-'40; Annie Russell Company Play '39-'40; Christmas Fund Com.; Crew '39-'41; Swimming '37-'38; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '39-'40.

MAURICE HINSHAW

Sigma Phi Omega; Zeta Alpha Epsilon '38-'41; College Band '36-'37; German Club '36-'38 (V. Pres. '36-'37); International Rel. Club '36-'37.

JOHN HOMAN

Independent; Pi Kappa Delta '37-'41; Phi Society '36-'41; Flying Club '36-'39 (Pres. '36-'38); Oratorical Ass'n '38-'41; Peace Society, Sec. '36-'37; Fencing '35-'37; Equitation Awards; Tomokan '40-'41; Sandspur '36-'37; Honor Roll '36; Organized Rollins Air Club in 1936.

HERBERT HOOVER

Phi Delta Theta; Order of Cat & Fox '37-'41; Chapel Ushers '37-'39; Student Council '38-'40; "Rat" Com. '39-'40; Intramurals '37-'41.

BETTY ANN HUBBARD

Chi Omega (V. Pres. '39-'41); Phi Beta '38-'41 (Sec. '38-'39); Chapel Choir '39-'41; Student Council '40-'41 (alternate); Intramurals '38-'41.

DOROTHY HUGLI

Independent; Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Pi Kappa Delta '40-'41; Phi Society '38-'39; Key Society '40-'41; "R" Club '40-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Student Council '40-'41; Christmas Fund Com. '40-'41; Student Refugee Com. '39-'40; Student Advisory Com. '39-'40; Student-Faculty Discipline '40-'41; Intramurals '38-'41; Tomokan '40-'41; Sandspur '40-'41; Book prize for Freshman '38-'39; Honor Roll '38-'39; Basketball '39-'40; Volleyball '39-'40; Hockey '39-'40; Crew '39-'40.

CLYDE JONES

Phi Delta Theta (Sec. '40-'41); O.D.K. '40-'41; O.O.O.O. '38-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); "R" Club '38-'41; Student Players '40-'41; "Rat" Committee '38-'39 (alternate); Football '38-'40; Baseball '38-'40; Basketball '38-'40; Honorable mention All-State Football '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'38; Publications Union '39-'41; Tomokan '39-'40; Sandspur '39-'40; Flamingo '40-'41 (Bus. Mgr.); Speech Essay Contest '37-'38, 1st prize; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41.

FREDRICK KASTEN

Lambda Chi Alpha (Treas. '40-'41); German Club '37-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'38; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Chapel Ushers '37-'40; Intramurals '37-'41; Trip to Miami '41.

JOSEPH KNOWLES

Kappa Alpha; O.O.O.O. '37-'41; "R" Club '38-'40; Student Players '40-'41; Student Council '38-'39; Football '37-'41; Crew '37-'38; Intramurals '37-'41; Pres., Freshman Class '36-'37; Pres., Lower Division '37-'38.

ADRIAN LANGFORD

Independent; Oratorical Association '37-'39; Student Council '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Chase Hall House President '40-'41.

CHAPMAN LAWTON

Lambda Chi Alpha (Sec. '39-'40); "R" Club '38-'41; Football '38-'41; Intramurals '38-'40.

CAROLYN LEWIS

Gamma Phi Beta (V. Pres. '40-'41); (transfer from Penn Hall Junior College); Spanish Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '38-'41; Interracial Club '38-'39; Social Service Committee, '40-'41; Pan-hellenic Council '40-'41; Intramurals '38-'41; Equitation Awards.

CHARLES LINGERFELT

Independent; O.O.O.O.; Football '37-'41; Little All-American End '40-'41; All-State End '39-'40; Baseball '37-'41 Basketball '37-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Interfraternity Council '38-'39.

NANCY LOCKE

Pi Beta Phi (Treas. '39-'40, Pres. '40-'41); Key Society '40-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); Spanish Club '39-'40; International Rel. Club '39-'40; Social Service Com. '38-'39; Student Council '39-'40; Christmas Fund Com. '38-'39; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Assembly Com. '40-'41; Intramurals '39-'41; Tomokan '40-'41; Sandspur '40-'41; Honor Roll '38-'41; Secretary Class of '41.

WALLACE MACBRIAR

"X" Club (Sec. '40-'41); Chapel Choir '37-'41 (Sec. '38-'39, Pres. '39-'41); International Rel. Club '39-'40; Bach Festival '37-'41; Radio Committee '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'41.

BETTY MACKEMER

Kappa Kappa Gamma (Treas. '38-'39); "R" Club '39-'41; Women's Athletic Ass'n '37-'41; Freshman Players '37-'38; International Rel. Club '37-'39; Interracial Club '37-'39; Christmas Fund Com. '37-'41; "Rat" Com. '38-'39; Chapel Staff '38-'41; Golf '37-'39; Swimming '38-'39; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '37-'39.

MARGARET McLEAN

Kappa Alpha Theta (Treas. '40-'41); Women's Athletic Ass'n '38-'41; Chapel Choir '38-'39; International Rel. Club '38-'41; Interracial Club '38-'41; Social Service Committee '38-'41; Christmas Fund Committee '38-'39; Intramurals '38-'39; Pan-hellenic Council '40-'41.

MARJORIE McQUEEN

Alpha Phi (Sec. '38, Pres. '40-'41); French Club '37-'38; International Rel. Club '37-'38; Sandspur '37-'38.

JOYCE MARCUS

Transfer from Mount Holyoke '40-'41.

CAROLINE MILLS

Pi Beta Phi; (transfer from Florida State College); Studio Club '40-'41; International Rel. Club '40-'41; Intramurals '40-'41; Honor Roll '40-'41; Allied Arts winner (sculpture); Key Society '41.

FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Gamma Phi Beta (Pres. '40-'41); Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41; Chapel Choir '37-'41; International Rel. Club '37-'41 (Sec. '39-'40); Bach Festival '37-'41; Social Service Com. '37-'41 (Sec. '38-'39, Co-Chairman '40-'41); Chapel Program Com. '40-'41 (Chairman '40-'41); Chapel Publicity Com. '38-'41; Christmas Fund Com. '40-'41; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Student-Faculty Discipline Com. '40-'41; Chapel Staff, '40-'41; Sandspur '38-'41; "Who's Who Among Students" '40-'41.

JOHN NICHOLSON

Independent; Zeta Alpha Epsilon '40-'41; French Club '38-'39; German Club '38-'39; Radio Club '40-'41; Intramurals '39-'40.

BARBARA NORTEN

Pi Beta Phi; Key Society '40-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); Women's Athletic Ass'n '38-'41; Studio Club '39-'41; Chapel Choir '39-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '38-'39; Oratorical Ass'n '39-'41; Bach Festival '40-'41; Social Service Com. '38-'39; Christmas Fund Com. '40-'41; Intramurals '38-'41; Sandspur '38-'41; Honor Roll '39-'40; Allied Arts winner '39-'41.

NANCY OSBORNE

Kappa Alpha Theta; Archery '40-'41; Intramurals '40-'41.

ESTHER PEIRCE

Kappa Kappa Gamma; French Club '37-'38; International Rel. Club '37-'39; Pan-hellenic Council '39; Tennis '40-'41; Intramurals '39-'41.

LUVERNE PHILLIPS

Phi Mu; Phi Society '38-'41; Order of the Libra '39-'41; Studio Club '39-'40; Chapel Choir '37-'41; Student Ensembles '38-'41; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Symphony Orchestra '37-'39; Bach Festival '37-'41; Social Service Com. '40-'41; Annie Russell Theatre Staff '39-'41; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Sandspur '38-'41; Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award '37-'38; Honor Roll '37-'38; Student Union Committee '37-'39; Pan-hellenic Council '39-'41; Phi Beta '41.

THEODORE PITMAN, JR.

"X" Club (Sec. '39-'40, V. Pres. '39-'41); O.D.K. '40-'41; "R" Club '38-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'41 (Pres. '40-'41); Flying Club '38-'39; Chapel Ushers '38-'41; Annie Russell Company Play '39-'40; Christmas Fund Com. '40-'41; Traffic Com. '40-'41; "Rat" Com. '40-'41; Student-Faculty Discipline '40-'41; Crew '37-'41 (J. V. Capt. '38); Intramurals '37-'41; Tomokan '40-'41; Sandspur '38-'41.

ELEANOR RAND

Gamma Phi Beta; Chapel Choir '37-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '37-'41; Bach Festival '37-'40; Social Service Com. '38-'40; Intramurals '37-'41; 1st Prize (water color) Orange County Art Exhibit '40.

CHARLES RAUSCHER

Sigma Nu; Studio Club '38-'41 (Sec. '40-'41); International Rel. Club '37-'38; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Intramurals '37-'41; Publications Union '37-'38; Flamingo '37-'39.

JUNE REINHOLD

Kappa Alpha Theta (Pres. '39-'40); Chapel Choir '37-'38; Student Council '40-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '38-'39.

DICK RODDA

"X" Club (Treas. '38-'40, Pres. '40-'41); O.D.K. '39-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); O.O.O.O. '37-'41; Chapel Choir '38-'40; Singing Waiters '37-'41 (Pres. '37-'41); Freshman Players '37-'38; Student Players '39-'41; Order of Cat and Fox '37-'41; Bach Festival '37-'38; Chapel Ushers '37-'38; Student Council '38-'41 (Chairman '40-'41); Christmas Fund Com. '37-'41; Student Advisory Com. '40-'41; Radio Com. '38-'39; Social Com. '38-'39; "Rat" Com. '38-'40; Student-Faculty Discipline Com. '39-'40; Assembly Com. '38-'41; Chapel Staff '37-'41; Football '37; Baseball '38; Basketball '38-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '40-'41; Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award '39.

ROBERTA SCHLEGEL

Gamma Phi Beta (Sec. '40-'41); (transfer from Chevy Chase Jr. College); Studio Club '39-'40; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Interracial Club '39-'40; Social Service Com. '39-'41; Intramurals '39-'41.

BETTY SCOTT

Kappa Kappa Gamma '40-'41; Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41; Studio Club '39-'40; French Club '38-'39; German Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '38-'41; Interracial Club '39-'40; Social Service Club '39-'41 (Chairman '40-'41); Christmas Fund Committee '40-'41; Intramurals '40-'41; Equitation Awards; Key Society '41.

KENNETH G. SCUDDER

Lambda Chi Alpha; French Club '37-'38; Civilian Pilot Training '39-'40; Swimming '37-'41 (Capt. '40-'41); Intramurals '38-'39.

CARL SEDLMAYR

Lambda Chi Alpha; Publications Union '40-'41; College Band '38-'39; Tomokan '40-'41; Interfraternity Council '40-'41; Football '37-'41; Baseball '38-'39; Crew '40-'41; Intramurals.

WARREN SIDDALL

Kappa Alpha (Sec. '40-'41); O.O.O.O. '37-'41; Student Council '39-'40; Social Committee '38-'40; Fencing '37-'39; Intramurals '37-'41; Senior Committee '40-'41.

ROBERT STONEROCK

Independent; Pi Gamma Mu '39-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); Pi Kappa Delta '38-'41 (Pres. '39-'40); Phi Society '38-'41; Interracial Club '37-'38; Oratorical Ass'n '37-'41 (Debate Manager '40-'41); Student Council '39-'41; Student Refugee Committee '39-'40; Assembly Committee '39-'40; Intramurals '40-'41; Publications Union '40-'41; Inner Council of Student Council '40-'41; Key Society '41.

CHARLOTTE STOUT

Kappa Kappa Gamma (Pres. '40-'41); Phi Beta '39-'41 (V. Pres. '40-'41); Theta Alpha Phi '40-'41; Chapel Choir '38-'39; Student Players '39-'41; International Rel. Club '38-'39; Intramurals '40-'41; Tomokan '40-'41; Sandspur '40-'41; Honor Roll '40-'41; Pan-hellenic Council '39-'41 (Sec.-Treas. '40-'41).

RUDOLF TOCH

Independent; Pi Kappa Delta '40-'41; German Club '39-'41 (Pres. '39-'40); International Rel. Club '39-'41; Honor Roll '39-'40; Key Society '41.

JEAN TURNER

Gamma Phi Beta (Treas. '38-'39); Pi Gamma Mu '39-'41; Order of the Libra '39-'41 (Sec. '39-'40); Chapel Choir '38-'41 (Social Sec. '38-'39); Freshman Players '37-'38; French Club '37-'38; International Rel. Club '37-'40; Civilian Pilot Training '39; Bach Festival '39-'41; Social Service Com. '37-'40; Student Council '38-'39; Christmas Fund Com. '39; Social Com. '39-'40; Intramurals '37-'39; Sandspur '37-'39; Honor Roll '38-'39; Educational Survey Com. '39-'40; Sec.-Treas. Freshman Class '37-'38; Key Society '41.

GRACIA TUTTLE

Pi Beta Phi (V. Pres. '39-'40); French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '39-'40; Social Service Com. '38-'39; Intramurals '38-'41; Sandspur '38-'41.

PAT VAN SCHOIACK

Kappa Kappa Gamma; Pi Gamma Mu '40-'41; French Club '38-'39; International Rel. Club '38-'41; Interracial Club '38-'39; Student Refugee Com. '39-'40; Intramurals '38-'41; Honor Roll '39-'40; Key Society '41.

RICHARD VERIGAN

Independent; Theta Alpha Phi '40-'41; Chapel Choir '37-'41; Freshman Players '37-'38; Student Players '38-'41 (Pres. '40-'41, Sec. '39-'40); German Club '39-'40; International Rel. Club '38-'41; Bach Festival '38-'41; Publicity and Program Committees of Chapel '38-'41; Christmas Fund Committee '40-'41; Student Refugee Committee '39-'40.

RICHARD WESSON

Independent (Chairman '38-'40); Student Council '39-'40; Student Advisory Committee '40-'41; Traffic Committee '39-'41; Co-manager Football '38-'40; Manager Golf '39-'41; Intramurals '37-'41; Sandspur '37-'38; Rifle Club '37-'39 (Sec.); Rifle Instructor '39-'41; Chairman, Chase Hall House Committee '39-'40.

MINTER WESTFALL

Independent; Phi Society '38-'41; Key Society '40-'41; Honor Roll; Assistant to Director of Baker Museum '37-'41.

SUZANNE WILLIS

Independent Greek; Women's Athletic Ass'n '37-'39; Spanish Club '38-'39; Pan-American League '40-'41; International Rel. Club '39-'41; Social Service Com. '40-'41; Honor Roll '39-'40; Key Society '41.

STUDENTS NOT IN THE BOOK

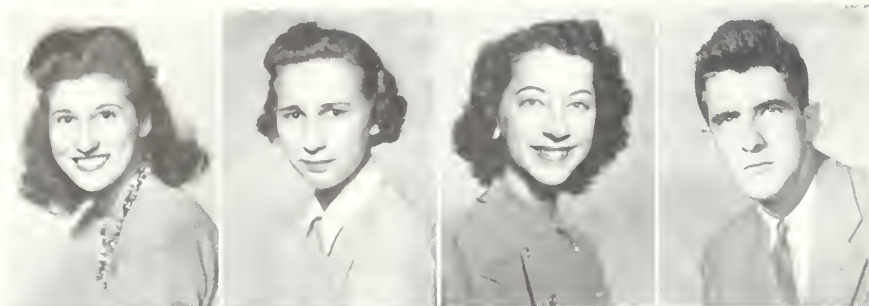
Lower Division

Caldwell, Freddie
Cameron, Katherine
Child, Constance
DaRif, Lawrence
Frazier, David
Hagood, Ralph

Harris, John
Helms, Peggy
Jaggars, Floyd
Maurer, Hazel
Miller, Betty
Morris, Edward

Osborn, Marnie
Royal, Thomas
Thal, Mervyn
Thompson, Jacob
Tyler, Earl
Wellman, Harold

UPPER DIVISION

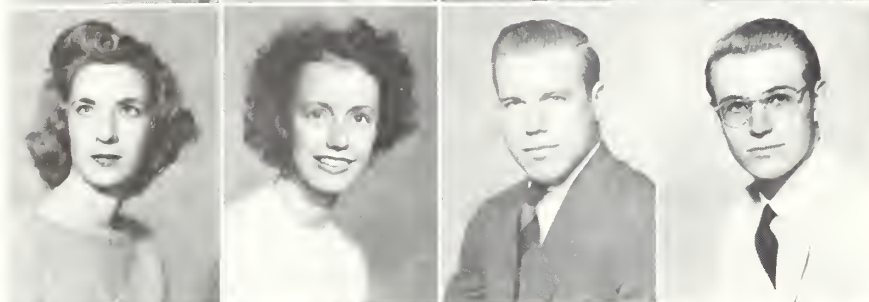


ALDINE BAKER

BARBARA BRYANT

BETTY CARSON

TAD CIST

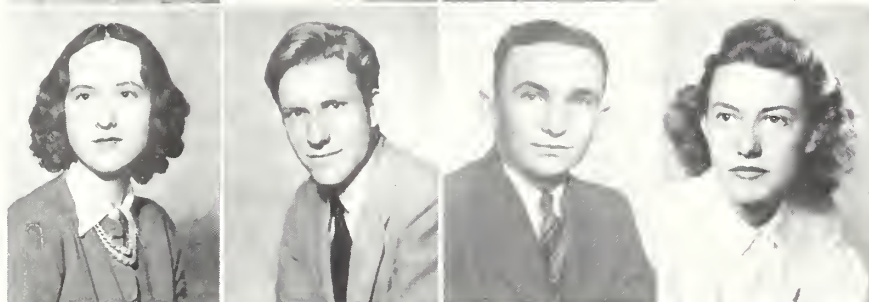


JANE COATES

HELEN DARLING

DOYLE DARNOLD

FRANK ENQUIST



HELEN FLUNO

BOYD FRANCE

EMMETT GAULDING

GRACE GEHRON

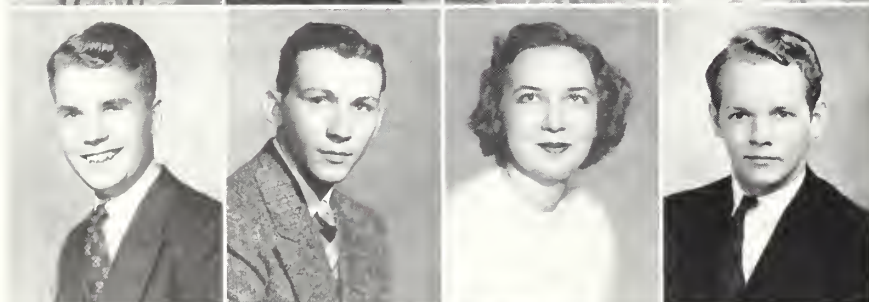


CLAIRE GIBEAULT

JOHN GREEN

SLYVIA HAIMOWITZ

MARELLE HALEY

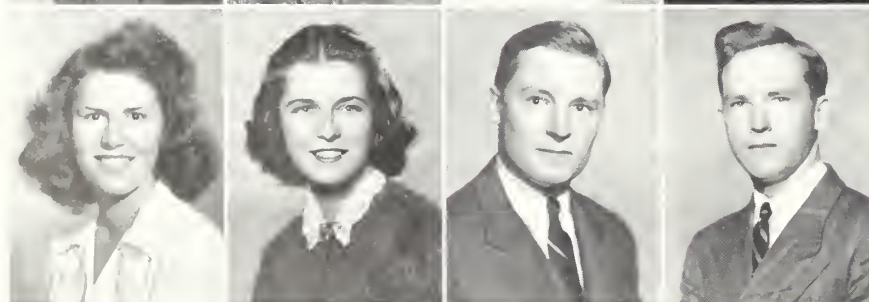


RALPH HAGOOD

MAJOR HARMON

JANET HARRINGTON

JACK HARRIS

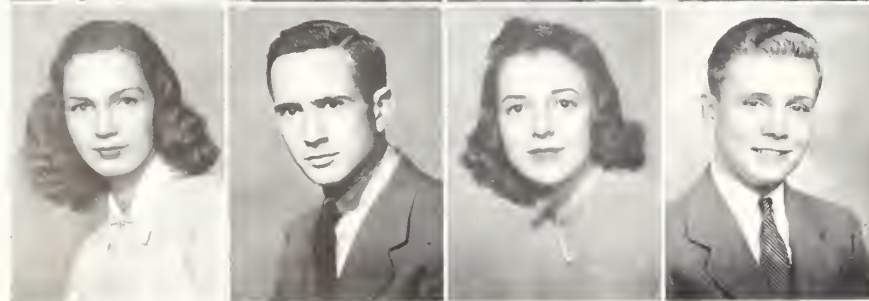


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ERIKA HEYDER

JACK HOAR

DWIGHT JOHNSTON

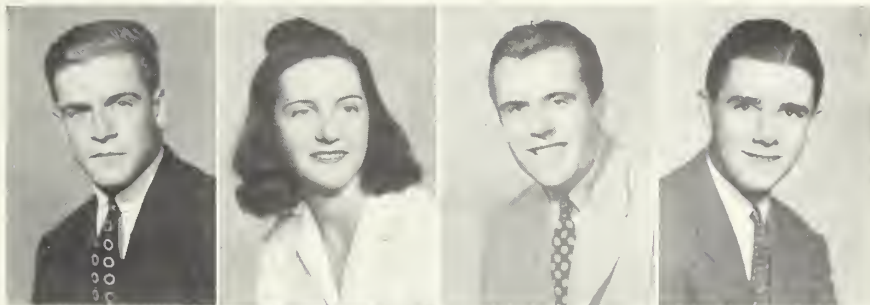


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RICHARD KELLY

BETTY KNOWLTON

CLARENCE KRAUS



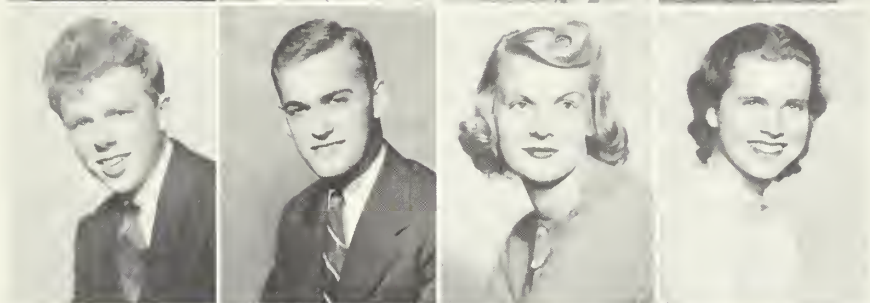
UPPER DIVISION

JACK LIBERMAN

SALLY McCASLIN

ROBERT MacCORKLE

ROBERT McFALL



ROBERT MATTHEWS

BILLY MIDDLEBROOKS

VIRGINIA MORGAN

ALICE NEWCOMER

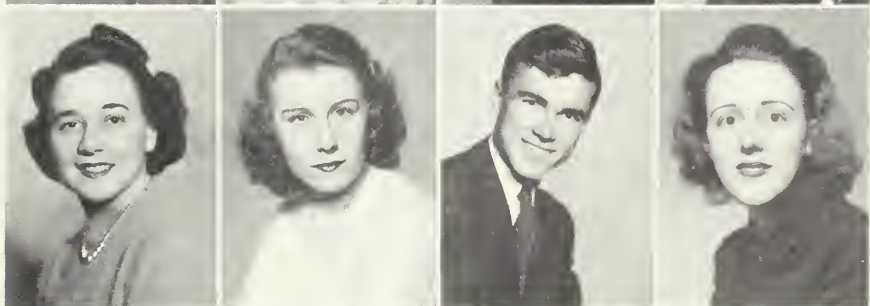


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BETTY PHILLIPS

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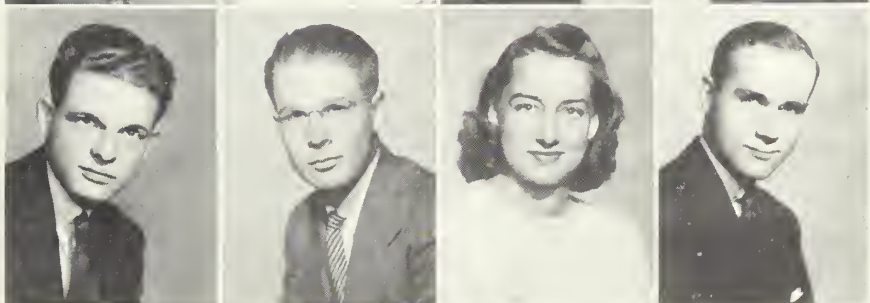


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LILLIAN RYAN

PETER SCHOONMAKER

ANN SEARLE

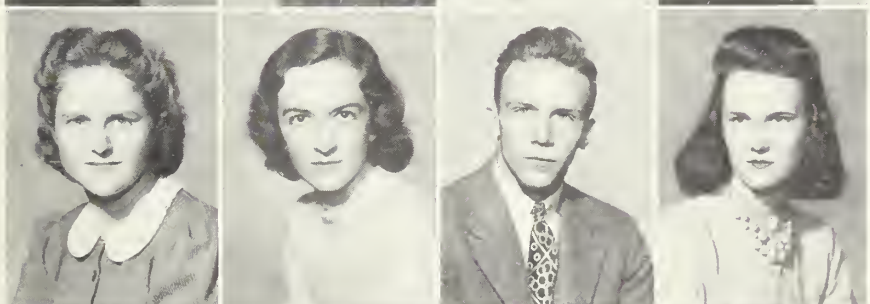


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RANKIN SHREWSBURY

ANTOINETTE SKINNER

JULES STEFFENS

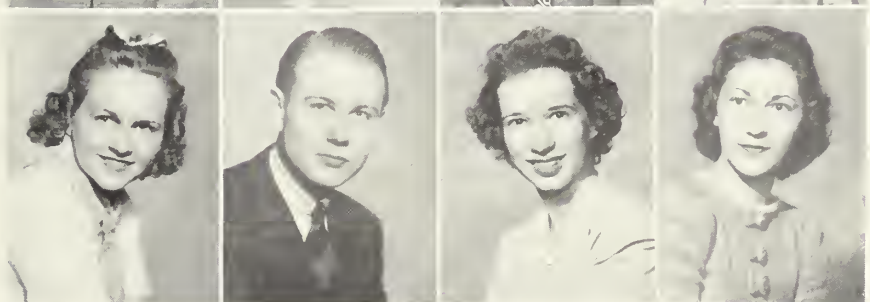


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DAPHNE TAKACH

CARROW TOLSON

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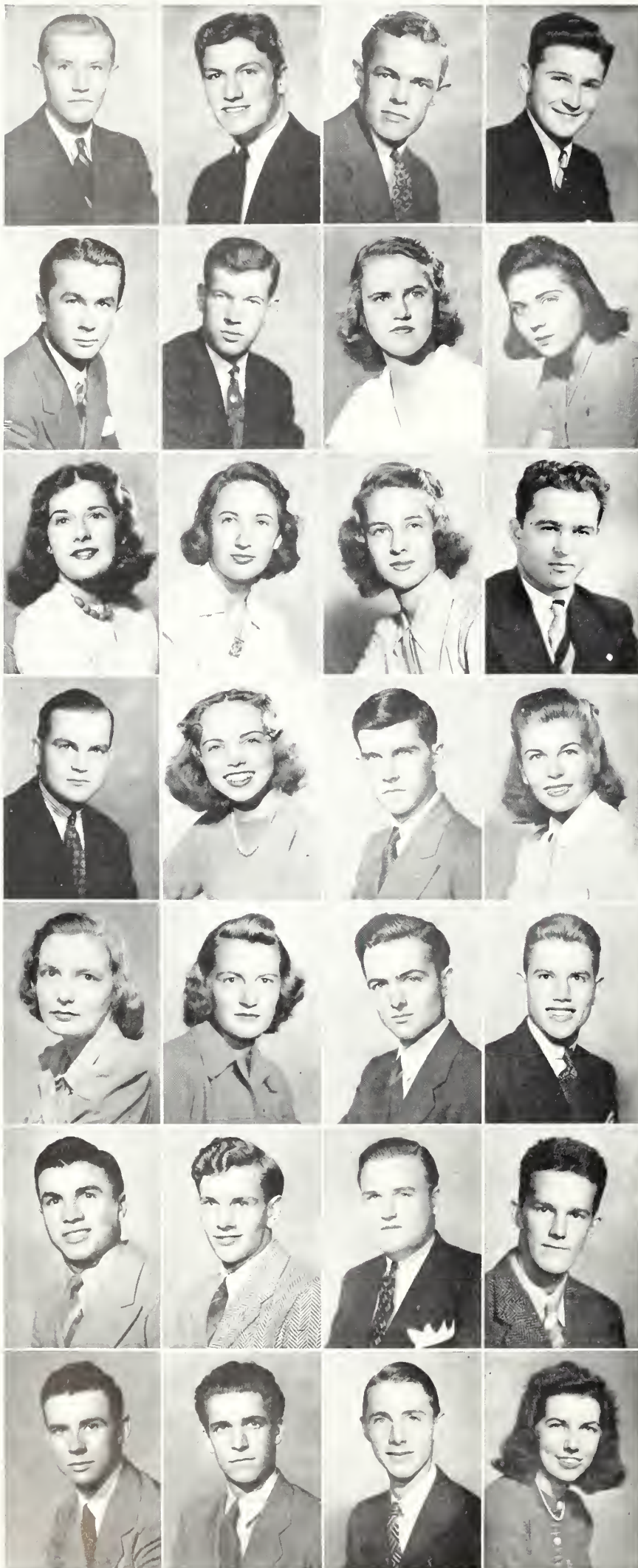


MARY TRENDLE

RICHARD VERIGAN

BETTY WATSON

LOIS WEIDNER



LOWER DIVISION

BENJAMIN ABBERGER

EDWIN ACREE

WILLIAM AFFLECK

JOHN ALBERT

EDWARD ALLOO

EDWIN AMARK

MARY ANTHONY

ESTELLE BAKAL

PHYLLIS BAKER

JANE BALCH

ANN BALLINGER

OLIVER BARKER

HARRISON BARNES

MURRAY BAYLER

WALTER BEARD

BETTY BERDAHL

PADDY BERNARD

PAULINE BETZ

DOUGLAS BILLS

JOHN BISTLINE

QUENTIN BITTLE

GORDON BLACKWELL

ROBERT BLACKWOOD

JAMES BLALOCK

NINIAN BOND

PETER BOULTON

FRANKLIN BOWES

SHIRLEY BOWSTEAD

LOWER DIVISION

CURRY BRADY

MARGE BRANCH

JULIAN BREWSTER

BARBARA BROKAW

MARTHA BROOKS

MARIAN BROOKS

BARBARA BROWN

ERNEST BRYSON

JOHN BUDREAU

BETTY BUNDESEN

DOROTHY BUNDY

GLORIA BURKE

CECIL BUTT

HALSTED CALDWELL

MARGARET CALDWELL

JOHN CAMPBELL

CONSTANCE CAREY

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THOMAS CASEY

ALMIR CASTRO

RICHARD CERRA

ELLEN CHADWICK

BARBARA CHENEY

WILLIAM CHICK

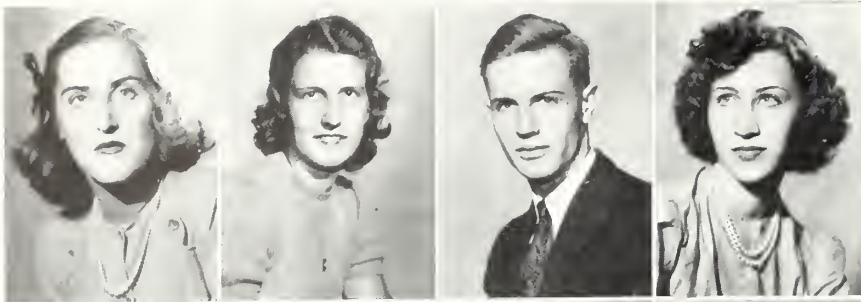
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GENE CHIZIK

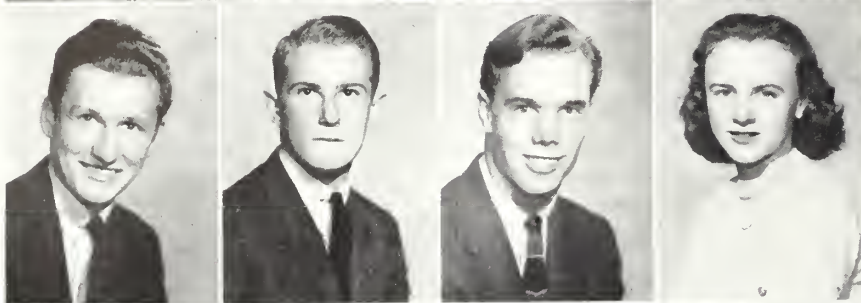
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DORIS COHEN

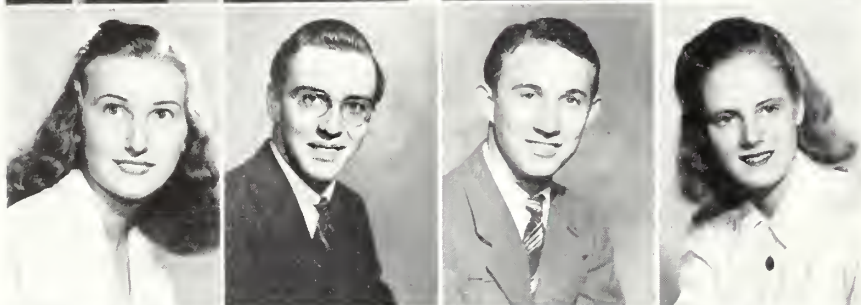
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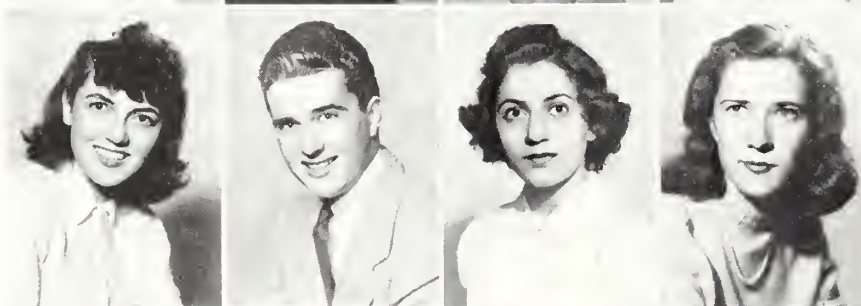
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EVA COLE
EARLE COLE
CATHERINE COLNON



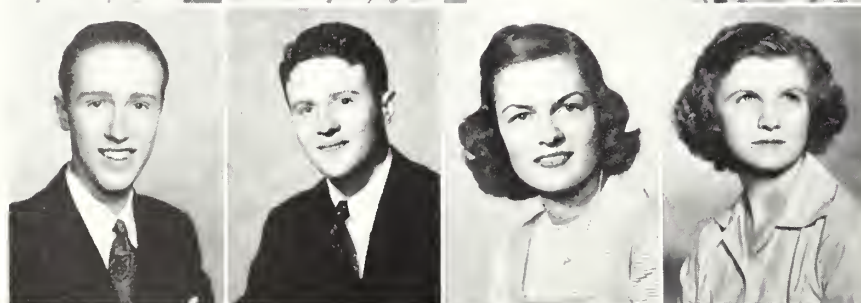
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JAMES CONKLIN
BOWER CORWIN
RITA COSTELLO



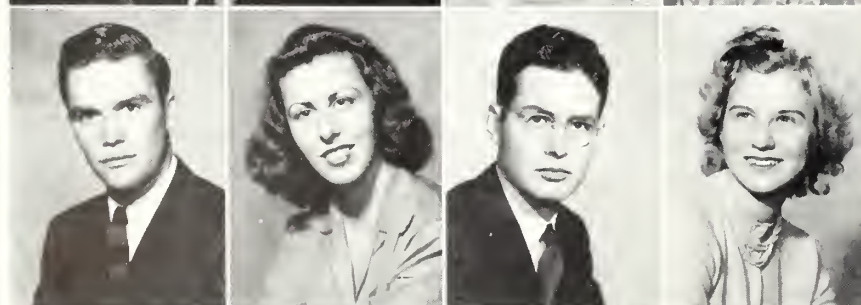
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DAVID CRAWFORD
RICHARD CURRY
ALETTE CURTIS



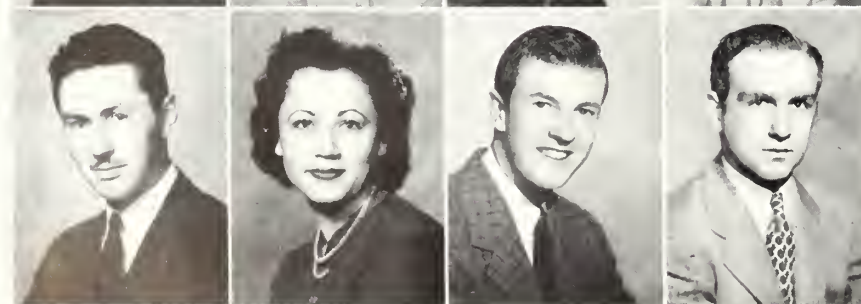
BEBE DABBS
RICHARD DANA
LUCILLE DAVID
SHIRLEY DEAN



YVES De CHAMBRE
LINDSEY De GUEHERY
JEANNE DOMINICK
CAROLINE ELLIOTT



GEORGE ESTES
GLADYS EVOY
DAVID FAILE
JANE FAIRCHILD



ALAN FAST
NAOMI FERGUSON
ROBERT FERGUSON
JOHN FLEEGER

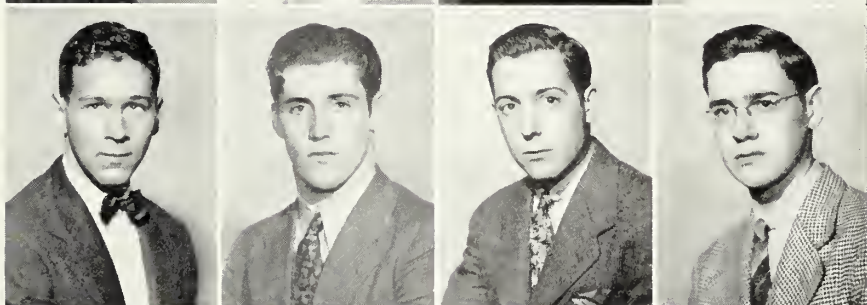


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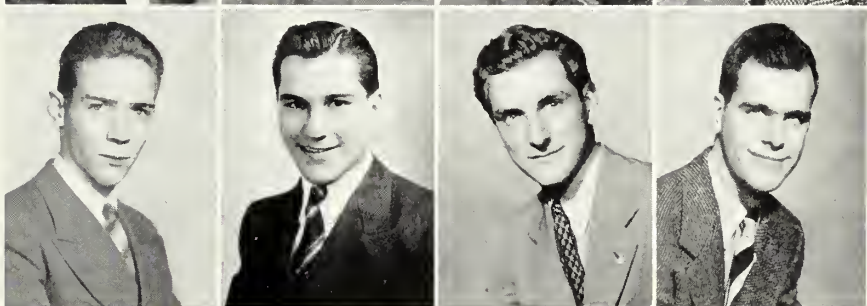
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CARL FOWLER
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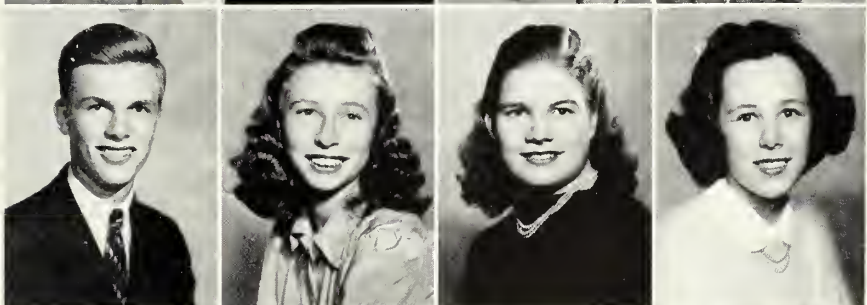
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EMILIE GAUTIER
HAROLD GILLESPIE
GLORIA GOODE



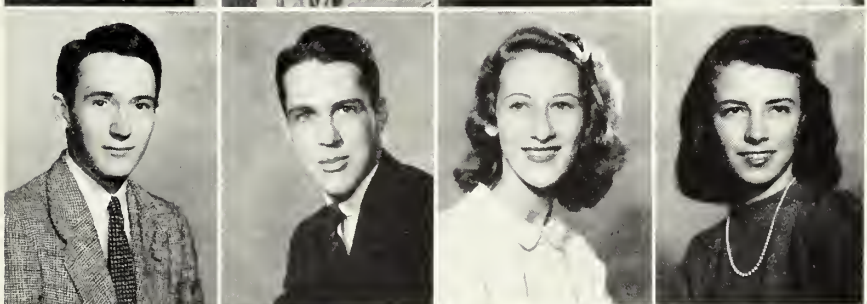
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JOHN GREEN
MUNROE GRIFFIN
CLAYTON GRIMSTAD



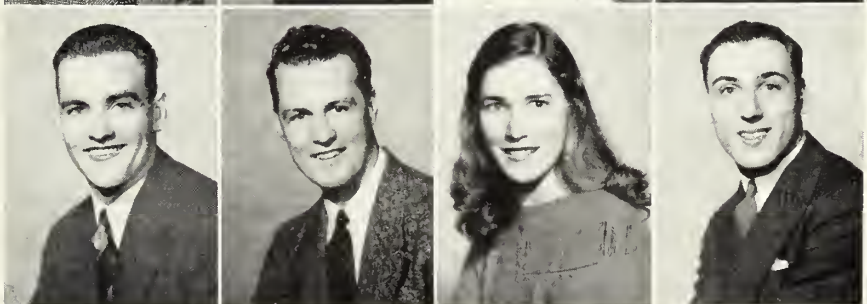
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FRANK GRUNDLER
FRANK GRYNKRAUT
CHARLES GUNDELACH



JAMES GUNN
ELIZABETH HADDON
JANE ANN HAGGERTY
LOIS HAGUE

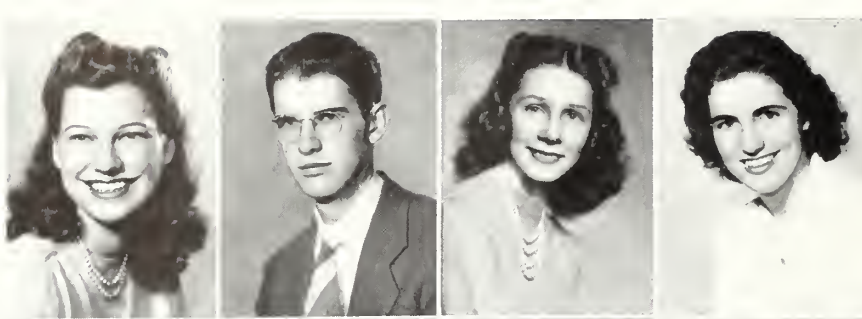


PAUL HALEY
FREDERICK HALL
JEAN HAMAKER
MARJORIE HANSEN



SAM HARDMAN
ANGUS HARRIETT
FLORA HARRIS
CHARLES HARWOOD

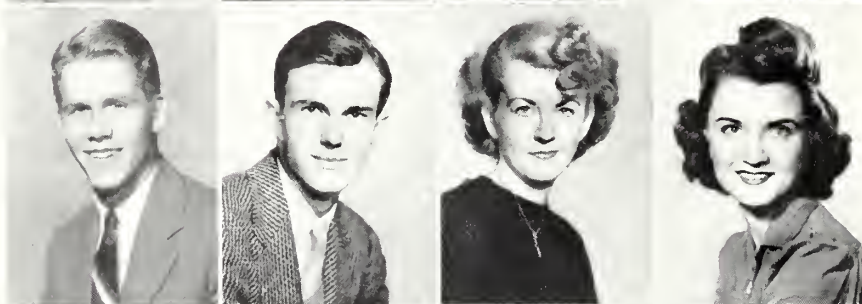
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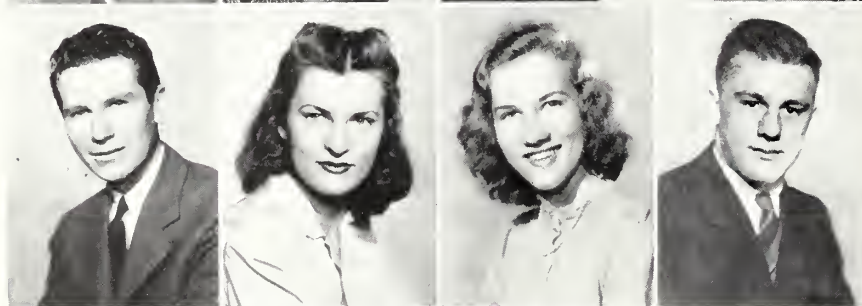
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FRANK HEDLEY
JEAN HEIDRICH
PHILIPPA HERMAN



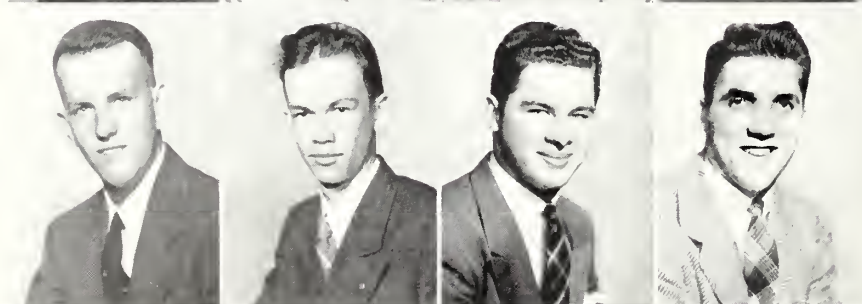
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JAMES HOOVER
LUIS HORTAL



WILLIAM HOUSE
PERCY HUBBARD
PEGGY HUDGINGS
CAROLYN HUNTSMAN



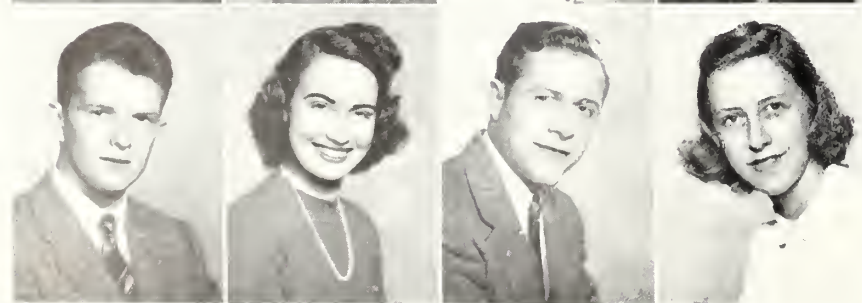
JOHN HUSKA
ELSA JENSEN
MARY JOHNSTON
WILLIAM JUSTICE



CLARK KEMP
GERALD KNIGHT
THOMAS KNIGHT
ROBERT KNUTESON



JOHN KOCH
PAUL KOCH
DORIS KOHL
GUS KOULOURIS



RICHARD KRALL
ELIZABETH LAMB
ROBERT LANGLOTZ
ELIZABETH LANZA

LOWER DIVISION

GORDON LAUGHEAD
PATRICIA LAURSEN
JOAN LAWES
FELICITAS LENNIG

JESSE LESLIE
ALBERTA LITTLE
EDWARD LOTT
DAVID LOW

BLAINE LUCAS
MARGOT LUNDGREN
RODERICK MacARTHUR
THOMAS MacCAUGHELTY

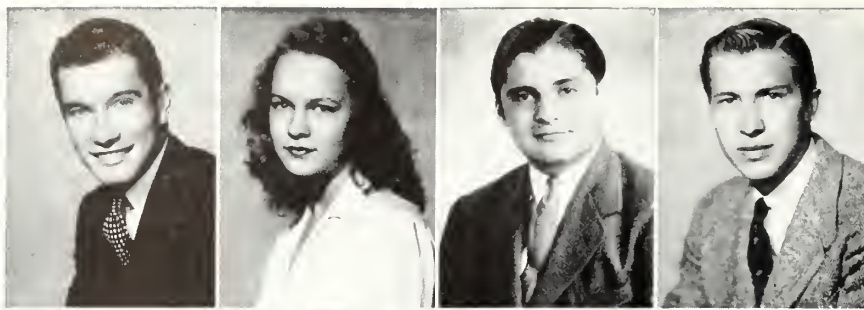
DAVID McCREERY
ETHEL MacDONALD
MARY MARGARET McGREGOR
JAMES McHUGH

HARRIETTE MAQUIRE
PEGGY MAHON
ALDEN MANCHESTER
FRANK MANUEL

PAUL MEREDITH
VIRGINIA MYERS
JACQUELINE MILLER
WILLIAM MILLNER

HENRY MINOR
HAZEL MOODY
LAWRENCE MOORE
BETTY MUIRHEAD

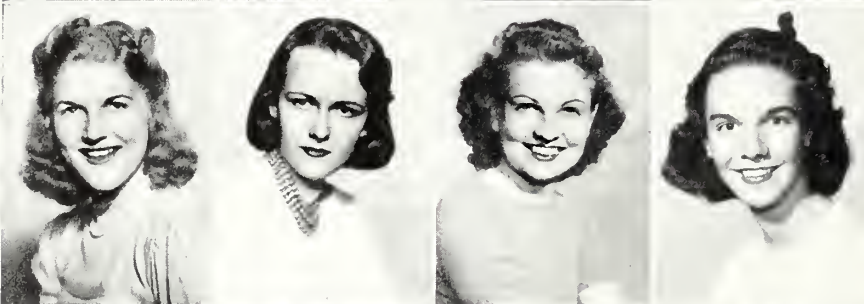
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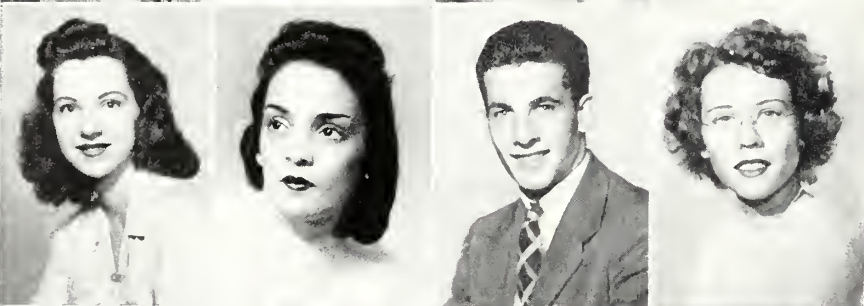
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GERTRUDE MUSSELWHITE
JOHN MYER
ROBERT MYER



ALBERT NASSI
JOHN NEWMARK
JAMES NIVER
MILDRED NIX



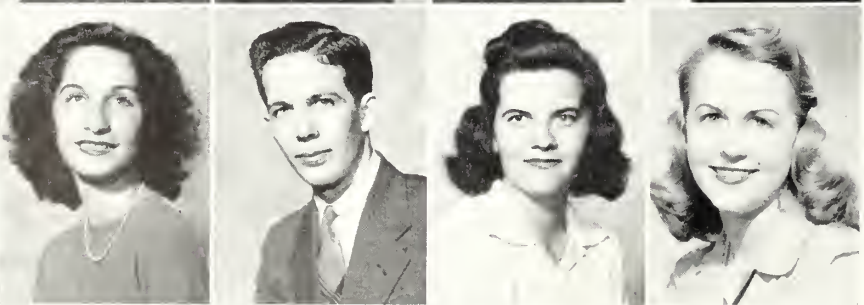
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JOANNE OAK
WINIFRED OREN
JANE PARKS



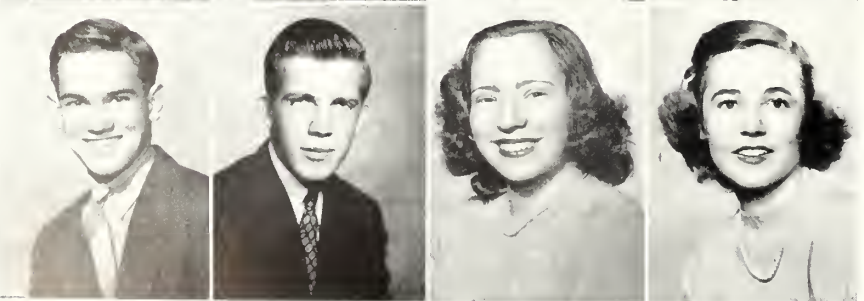
PRISCILLA PARKER
ELLA PARSHALL
CHARLES PASCHALL
ANN PASCHALL



ARTHUR PHILLIPS
LAURA PHILLIPS
LEONARD PHILLIPS
GERTRUDE PHILLIPS



ALICE PIERSON
JOHN POWELL
PAULINE PRESTHOLDT
PATRICIA PRITCHARD



RICHARD PUGH
JOHN PUTNEY
LUCILLE RACHLIN
NANCY RAGAN

LOWER DIVISION

PATRICIA RANDALL

GRADY RAY

GRACE RAYMOND

PHILIP REED

DONALD RIDDLE

CAROLE ROBERTSON

DOROTHY ROBINSON

ROBERT ROBINSON

ROBERT ROSENBERG

WILLIAM ROYALL

NATALIE RUBIN

ROBERT RUSE

MARY RUSHTON

ALBERT RUTH

LILLIAN RYAN

MARY SAGER

LOUISE SARGENT

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WALLACE SCHULTZ

PERSHING SCOTT

LEILA SEARS

CARSON SEAVEY

FOLKE SELLMAN

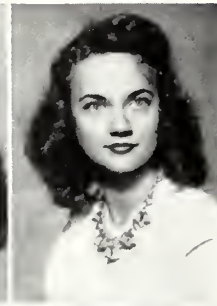
RALPH SESSIONS

RICHARD SEWELL

ALICE SHEAROUSE

JANE ANNE SHOLLEY

LOWER DIVISION



MARY SHUTTS

LAMAR SIMMONS

HARRIET SMERLING

CHARLOTTE SMITH

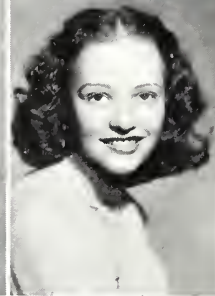
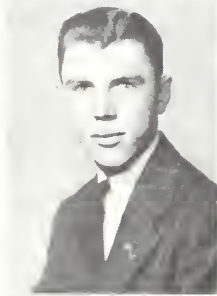


NANCY SPROULL

SALLY SPURLOCK

ROBERT STEINFELDT

JANIE MAY STOKELY

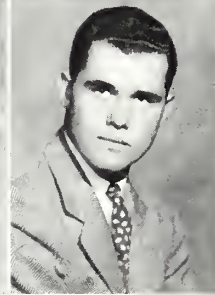
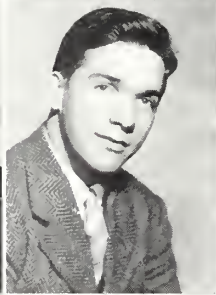


GENE STURCHIO

HESTER STURGIS

DOROTHY STUTZ

ALICE SULLIVAN



HENRY SWAN

REEDY TALTON

WILLIAM TERHUNE

PRISCILLA THOMPSON



NANCY THURMAN

MARY TILDEN

WILMA TILDEN

WARREN TITUS

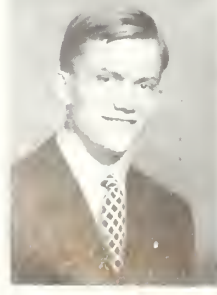


HELEN TOOKER

THORNTON TREATHEWEY

SUSANNE TURNER

JEAN TWACHTMAN



JOHN TWACHTMAN

MARILYN UNGER

MARY ELIZABETH UPCHURCH

ALMA VANDER VELDE

LOWER DIVISION

EUGENIE VAN De WATER
 TRYNTJE VAN DUZER
 ERMA VAN GILDER
 WILLIAM VICTOR

DEAN WADDELL
 ELIZABETH WADE
 JOHN WAGNER
 EDWIN WAITE

HOWARD WALTERS
 EDWARD WEINBERG
 JANE WELSH
 PRESLY WETHERELL

WILLIAM WHARTON
 ROBERT WHISTON
 WILSON WHITEHEAD
 ROBERT WHITELEY

JOSEPH WHITELONIS
 TRAMMELL WHITTLE
 JENELLE WILHITE
 PRISCILLA WILLARD

MARY ANN WILSON
 PETER WINANT
 LOUISE WINDHAM
 CHARLOTTE WING
 ELIZABETH WING

KATHRYNE WOODWARD
 MARY WRIGHT
 ELEANOR WYNNE
 DIXON YARD
 IRA YOPP

"Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm."

—Anonymous.

"Nothing worth while comes easily. Half effort does not produce half results. It produces no results. Work, continuous work and hard work, is the only way to accomplish results that last."

—Hamilton Holt.



You and Your Activity

I MOVE THAT-

Practically on the banks of the beautiful Virginia, within the stately, time-colored walls of the Knowles Science Building sits the mighty student Council of a Monday night, deliberating. Subjects of deliberation vary from sidewalks to Conga classes, from the Rollins platoon to Nazi-diet day, from the Student Association budget to Student Advisees for Orientation Week. Informality is the keynote of these meetings. No dogged followers of Bob's Rules are these, your student leaders. Gathered in casual conclave in the Chemistry lecture room, and led in discussion by able Dick Rodda, Council meetings follow the general pattern of the Rollins conference system.

For the first time in many years, the officers of the Student Council were chosen by popular election of the entire student body. Much interest was excited in this way over the whole campus, and when the actual voting day came, the students found a bewildering bariage of signs, "Build a firm foundation with Stonerock!" and "Vote for Rodda." And phonograph records blared forth propaganda on candidates from the open windows of Chase and the X Club. After the noise died down, the college was kept in suspense for several days until the announcement at an all-college Election Dance, that Dick Rodda had been elected president, Betty de Giers, vice-president, and Helen Darling, secretary.

The Council forms the main body of the student government, with various committees of differing degrees of activity. The student-faculty Discipline Committee fortunately did not meet this year.

The year started with strenuous activity in three branches of student government -The Orientation Week Committee, The Rat Committee, and the Student Council.



Dick Rodda, popular President of the Student Council

A new Orientation Week plan was installed this year by the Council with great success. Student advisors were chosen from the upper division students, each advisor assigned four or five little advisees to integrate into the expanding Rollins Family. It takes but a day or two for a new student to become part of it, after a speech or two in the Annie Russell Theatre, a dunk or two in the lake by the Rat Committee, a hand to the cap in greeting to a member of the faculty or an older student. All in all, the new Orientation plan seemed to have more genuine friendliness and less rushing, and seems to be less exhausting than any previous system.

The gaps left by the Orientation Committee were willingly and gaily filled by the Rat Committee, under the admirable leadership of Don Riddle. The Rats were knocked into fine shape, had their Alma Mater and their seldom-sung school songs learned in two weeks, along with a little torture and a lot of fun.

The Council started the year by installing a perma-



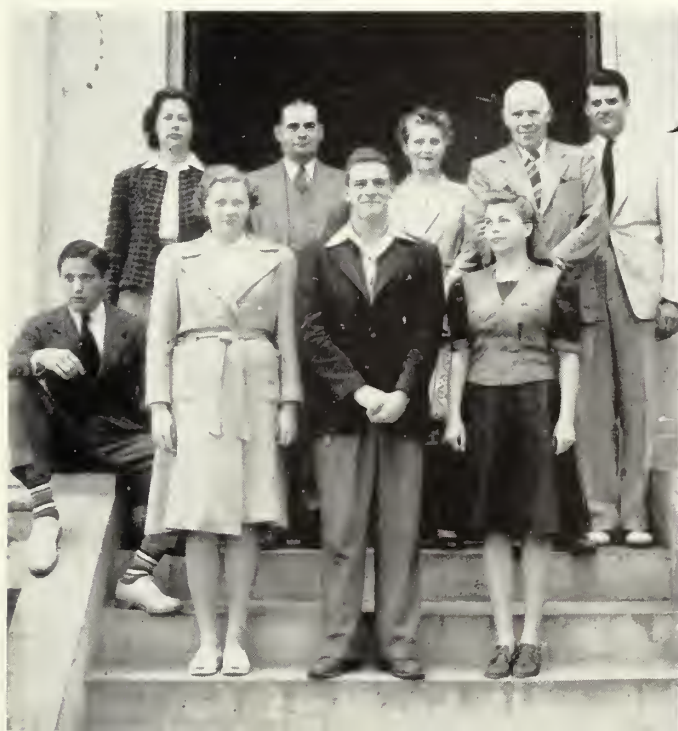
Student Council: Seated, left to right; Barbara Bryant, Jane Coates, Smokey Sholley, Betty deGiers, Dot Hugli, Janet Harrington, Helen Darling, Betty Hall. Standing, left to right: Mr. Steel, Mary Marchman, Tiny Langford, Bob Stonerock, Don Riddle, Manny Ehrlich, Dick Rodda, Bob McFall, Bob Ruse, Bob Matthews

ment Student Association Budget. It found, much to its chagrin, that the budget was almost entirely determined by the previous year's tentative budget. Another improvement was drawn up for the next year's budget—a plan to have a student auditing committee go into all the details of the requests for student association money, decide on the ad-

visability of increase or cuts of the previous year's grant, and hand in an organized recommendation to the Council in the Spring.

The Social Committee had few meetings, discussed in the main what students shall wear to Beanery at night, and dates for the all-college dances.—H. D.

Student-Faculty Discipline: Back row; Bob Ruse, Dot Hugli, Dean Anderson, Miss Moore, Dr. France, Mr. Kvam. Front row; Franny Montgomery, Jack Liberman, Betty Berdahl.



Inner Council: Seated, left to right; Betty Hall, Betty deGiers, Helen Darling. Standing, left to right; Bob Stonerock, Dick Rodda





Social Committee: Left to Right. Dwight Johnston, Mrs. Wilcox, Dr. Adams, Dean Cleveland, Dean Enyort, Mr. Kvam, Mrs. Daugherty, Aldine Baker, Betty deGiers.

The Rat Committee Functions: Dan Riddle, Toy Skinner, Mel Clanton, Eugenie Van de Water, Ted Pittman. At this point in his career the "rat" has no name.



YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN—

Recognizing accomplishments along many lines, Rollins honors your achievements and proclaims them to the "world"—no matter what they may be or in what field they are found.

From those damsels who are bright and shining lights in the fields of music or dramatics and whose ability extends into the general classroom are chosen the members of PHI BETA (Theta chapter), a national honorary society for women which has been a part of Rollins College since 1923.

As for the versatile, hard-working or gifted young-man-about-campus who distinguishes himself in varied fields—he may become a member of OMICRON DELTA KAPPA (Alpha Iota Circle), provided he is a member of that illustrious body, the Upper Division, and also provided he is tapped at the semi-annual ceremony. O. D. K. has been flourishing in these parts since 1931, its members pledged to the service of their Alma Mater.

THE ORDER OF LIBRA honors the weaker sex much as O. D. K. does the men. Its members are those college women who have been leaders and who have served faithfully in different fields. THE ORDER, organized in 1935, is local.

Those budding geniuses of the freshman class who distinguish themselves in the eyes of the faculty are elected to membership in the PHI SOCIETY. Organized in 1935

under the sponsorship of Phi Beta Kappa, the society bears a definite resemblance to the KEY SOCIETY, which is limited to those Upper Division students who are either master-minds or hard workers, or both. This august body, the KEY SOCIETY, was founded at Rollins in 1937 to further the best interests of the college and to encourage good scholarship.

Secretly chosen during their first year, the eight gentlemen from each class selected for O.O.O.O. come forth in a blaze of glory during Commencement Week of their Senior Year. During the period of secrecy, the members work in an "underground" fashion to maintain Rollins's ideals, traditions, and customs.

A somewhat dubious honor is membership in the ORDER OF THE CAT AND THE FOX. Five boys and five girls are selected each year. Girls are to be considered sleek, smooth, and spiteful—the boys clever, crafty, and cunning.

Social Science students who exhibit marked ability may become, on invitation, members of PI GAMMA MU (Florida Delta Chapter), the purpose of which is "to instill in the mind of the individual a scientific attitude toward all social questions." We might add that this is no mean achievement.

As for outstanding students of the scientific laboratory, they are recognized by ZETA ALPHA EPSILON which works to promote interest in natural sciences.—N. L.

The Foxes: Back Row, Left to Right: Bob McFall, Dean Enyart, Jess Gregg, Jim Hoover, Bill Chick, Bud Hoover, Mr. Steel. Front Row, Left to Right: Dick Rodda, Don Murphy, Dick Kelly, Dud Darling.



The Catty Cats: Right to Left: Janet Jones, Jeanne Dominick, Smokey Sholley, Gladys Evay, Jenelle Wilhite





Upper Left—Zeta Alpha Epsilon: Around the table, left to right; Bill Harms, Dick Verigan, Helen Fluno, a guest, John Nicholson, Helen Darling, Mr. Weinberg, another guest, Tad Cist, Don Cram, Minter Westfall, Rudy Toch. Standing; Dr. Beatty, Dr. Kinsler, Dr. Waddington.

Upper Right—Graduating Members of the O.O.O.O.: Back row, left to right; Warren Siddall, John Giantonio, June Lingerfelt, Don Cram, Dick Rodda. Front row, left to right; Dud Darling, Joe Knowles, Jack Buckwalter, Clyde Jones

Center—Phi Society: Sitting; Dot Hugli, Betty Tomlinson, Mary Elizabeth Upchurch, Alice Newcomer, Doris Hogan, Joanne Oak, Daphne Takach, Doris Kohl, Luverne Phillips, Norine Farr, Philippa Herman, Aldine Baker, Helen Darling. Standing: Warren Titus, John Homan, Jack Buckwalter, Minter Westfall, Lindsey de Guehery, Dick Kelly, Betty deGiers.

Lower Left—Key Society: Nancy Locke, Norine Farr, Dot Hugli, Jack Buckwalter, Minter Westfall, Barbara Northern

Seniors not in picture: Charles Arnold, Dudley Darling, Caroline Mills, Robert Stonerock, Rudolf Toch, Jean Turner, Pat Van Schoiack, Sue Willis.

Lower Right—Pi Gammo Mu: Sitting; Dot Hugli, Dr. France, Dr. Stone, Dr. Waite, Dr. Maser, Dr. Melcher, Bob Stonerock. Standing; Dwight Johnston, Betty Tomlinson, Franny Montgomery, Betty Watson, Pat Van Schoiack, Manny Ehrlich, Dud Darling.





Omicron Delta Kappa: Carrow Tolson, Dr. Waite, Manny Ehrlich, Ted Pitman, Dud Darling, Micky Harmon, Dean Enyart, Jess Gregg, Dick Rodda, Johnny Giantonio, Clyde Jones, Jack Buckwalter.

Libra: Standing: Dot Hugli, Mrs. Warren, Mary Marchman, Betty de Giers, Helen Darling, Norine Farr. Sitting: Mrs. Wilcox, Luverne Phillips, Mrs. Strong, Sherry Gregg, Jean Turner.





"I wonder if the others know I'm looking for my name."

YOUR DEADLINE IS-

The Publications Union is still standing and seems to be doing a dependable job. The Sandspur gets out on time every week, the Flamingo has put in several entertaining appearances, sticking to the purely literary standards it adopted last year, and the Tomokan is going to come out on time.

The "R" Book, also a ward of the Publications Union, about which little noise is made until after its appearance, is little more than a copy of the previous editor's work, but,

DICK KELLY, BORN 1896—DIED IN HARNESS 1941

Sandspur Staff: Seated, Back Row, Left to Right: Jack Liberman, Frank Bowes, John Giantonio, Mickey Harmon, Bud Waddell, Al Roosevelt, Ira Yopp, Ted Pitman, Paul Haley. Standing, Front Row, Left to Right: Rita Costello, Charlotte Stout, Pat Pritchard, Kay Colnon, Jean Hamaker, Sammy Pugh, Virginia Morgan, Alden Manchester.



as such, manages to live down through the years. It subtly conveys to the incoming rats the spirit of work and play and friendliness that is Rollins. Editor Gregg's 1939 "R" Book threatens to become a permanent institution at Rollins, unless some future editor decides to write one of his own again.

The weekly gazette "carries on" famously. Editor Kelly has made it more informal than before, by introducing "This is Ghastly," a forceful dirt column (which is usually tripe.) Occasionally, however it contains some poignant and accurate remarks, and thus serves the purpose of getting the students to read the papers (people like to see their names



Looks faked, doesn't it?

Tomokan Staff: Back Row, Left to Right: Tad Cist, Alma Vander Velde, Helen Dorling, Frank Barber, Bob Ruse, Alice Newcomer, Janet Jones, Jess Gregg, Smokey Sholley, Nancy Locke, Ted Pitman, Carl Fowler. Front Row, Left to Right: Pete Boulton, Bob Burns, Joanne Oak, Dudley Darling, John Homan, Carl Sedlmayr, Alden Manchester.





Publications Union: Standing. Clyde Jones, Carl Sedlmayr, Alden Manchester, Bob Stonerock. Sitting: President John Giantonio, Jess Gregg, Dick Kelly, Rita Costello, Dud Darling, Mr. Wattles.

in print) even when it's nothing but slander. A second innovation this year was the addition of "Campus Correspondents," a column from each fraternity. Dick Kelly's column, "Odds and Ends," is a smart department of amusing campus patter, fashioned after the New Yorker's "Talk of the Town."

Jess Gregg, editor of the Flamingo, has successfully overcome most of the student criticism against the overly-serious standards of the magazine, which is a good thing. Doshes of Gregg's humor and his seriousness highlight the magazine. Solly McCaslin's grim, realistic Tennessee mountain stories are superb and have become an integral part of the

Waiting for the editor of "This is Ghostly."



"The Sandspur gets out on time every week."





FLAMINGO STAFF—GET IT?

The Staff: Sally McCaslin, Betty Miller, Peggy Hudgings, Editor Jess Gregg, Mary Ann Wilson, Falke Sellman.

Flamingo. Tom Casey's work, although pretty much of an unknown quantity to Rollins's students, seems destined to play a prominent part in the magazine in future years. At times it has been suspected that some of the writers of poetry don't understand their own work. Robert Browning got away with that, but it's not considered so fashionable

today. Some of the poetry was excellent, however, and is a credit to all concerned.

The Tomokan staff (the largest of any Rollins publication) has been working quietly this year and don't seem to care whether anyone likes their book or not. "Art for art's sake," they explain.—P. H.

Candid shot of Business Manager Manchester talking over the situation with Editor McFall. Subject: The "R" Book.



"Mr. Fauntleroy slooped ungo." . . . Say, that can't be right.





Theta Alpha Phi: Dud Darling, Jack Buckwalter, Mr. Howard Bailey, Charlotte Staut, Betty Berdahl, Mr. Donald Allen, Manny Ehrlich, Dick Verigan.

CURTAIN!

The theatre has played an important part in the development of any group. In even the smallest communities you will find some traces of the drama. Rollins is no exception. However, it is exceptional considering the extent and excellence of its dramatic offerings.

For the past four years the Dramatic Department at Rollins has been steadily advancing and improving. Four years ago the Student Players did four plays a year; today, they produce six. Four years ago there was no experimental play produced; today, the Freshman Players produce at least two a year. The dramatic department is fast becoming one of the best departments in the college and could, with greater publicity and careful planning, become nationally famous.

In November the Student Players started their season with a production of Clare Booth's comedy *Margin for Error* under the direction of Howard Bailey. Although several of the parts were badly cast and the play itself was weak, the excellent direction, setting, and acting of some of the cast got the season off to a good start. December saw the production of Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound* by Donald S. Allen. The Student Players had been threatening to do this fantasy for several years and this production justified their contention that the play would prove successful. This month also marked the Freshman Players first appearance of the season in Karel Capek's melodrama *R. U. R.* under the direction of John Buckwalter. This was notable for its vitality and fresh approach to a well-known play.

Ten days after the Christmas holidays Howard Bailey presented his production of Shaw's *Candida*. This was a jinx play from the first rehearsal: one of the leading characters was forced out of the play by illness; Florida decided to have its rainy season; several other calamities conspired against the players and director. However, *Candida* has offered the students a better chance for character portrayal and development than any other play presented so far during this year.

During Founders' Week Donald Allen directed the players in Katharine Dayton and George Kaufman's comedy of Washington political intrigue, *First Lady*. It was excellently played by the cast and proved extremely successful with the audience.

As this is written the Student Players are preparing for their first Shakespearean production in several years, the uncut version of *Romeo and Juliet* which will be given in April under the direction of Howard Bailey. This is the first time the play has ever been given in its entirety in America and it is awaited with much interest and enthusiasm. The Freshman Players are also busy rehearsing Sidney Howard's famous play *The Silver Cord* which will be presented in March. The senior play this year will be the *Royal Family* by Kaufman and Ferber and will be directed by Donald Allen. This will be given commencement week.

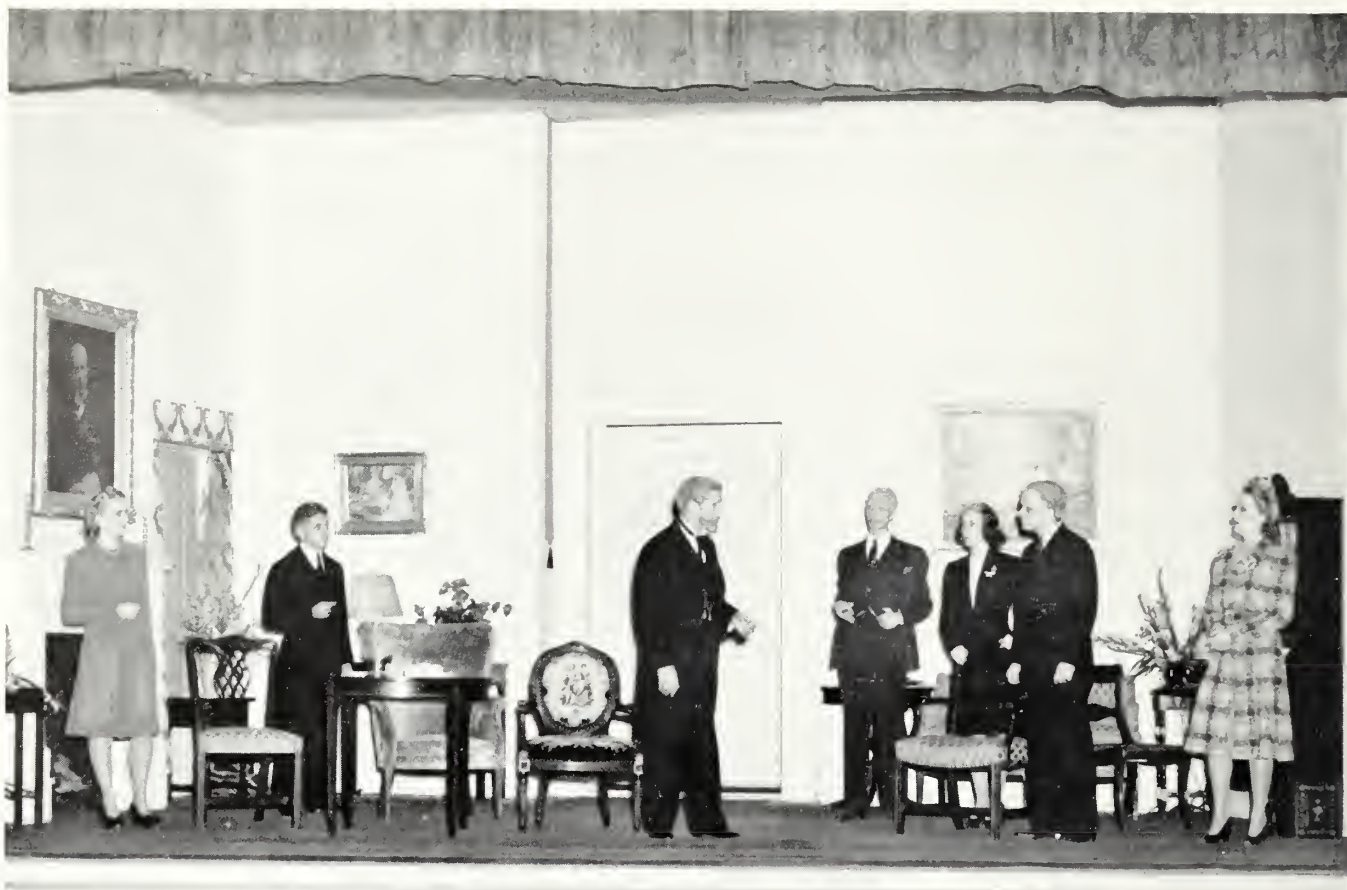
In addition to the already mentioned student producing groups on campus there is also the Annie Russell Company under Dorothy Lockhart's direction which presents two plays each season. Miss Lockhart uses faculty, students, and residents of Winter Park and Orlando in the casts of her plays. In January the Annie Russell Company pre-

sented *Wuthering Heights*, to this reviewer an unfortunate choice as a play, but well acted in most cases. At this writing the Annie Russell Company is rehearsing *French Without Tears* which will be given in March. In addition to the plays, the series brings individual celebrities to Winter Park. This year Josef Hofmann, Alexander Woolcott, H. G. Wells, and H. R. Knickerbocker appeared.

Last year Sigma Phi Omega fraternity started the inter-fraternity one-act play contest which met instantaneous favor. This year Theta Alpha Phi,



The Student Players: Standing: Alden Manchester, Manny Ehrlich, Jess Gregg, Mr. Allen, Jack Liberman, Jack Buckwalter, Mr. Bailey. Sitting: Charlotte Stout, Betty Berdahl, Phillippa Herman, Pat Pritchard, Aldine Baker, Joe Knowles, Jack Sharp, Don Murphy, Dick Verigan, Dud Darling.



Chief Justice Knowles blusters as cast of "First Lady" looks on.

national honorary dramatic fraternity, took over the contest. It was again a great success and is now recognized as part of the dramatic season. Next year it is planned to have the contest in the spring term which will eliminate the frantic rush which has characterized the competition in its first two years.

Theta Alpha Phi has also combined with the Rollins Key Society to bring to Rollins a series of

films from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library in New York. These films are made available through the Film Library to college and university groups. Most of the northern colleges and universities have presented these programs, but this is the first year that Rollins has taken advantage of this opportunity.

Each year the department presents more new talent and casts more students in its plays. Each



"Now see if you can't be more passionate."



First reading on a cold Monday morn.



Looks faked, doesn't it?



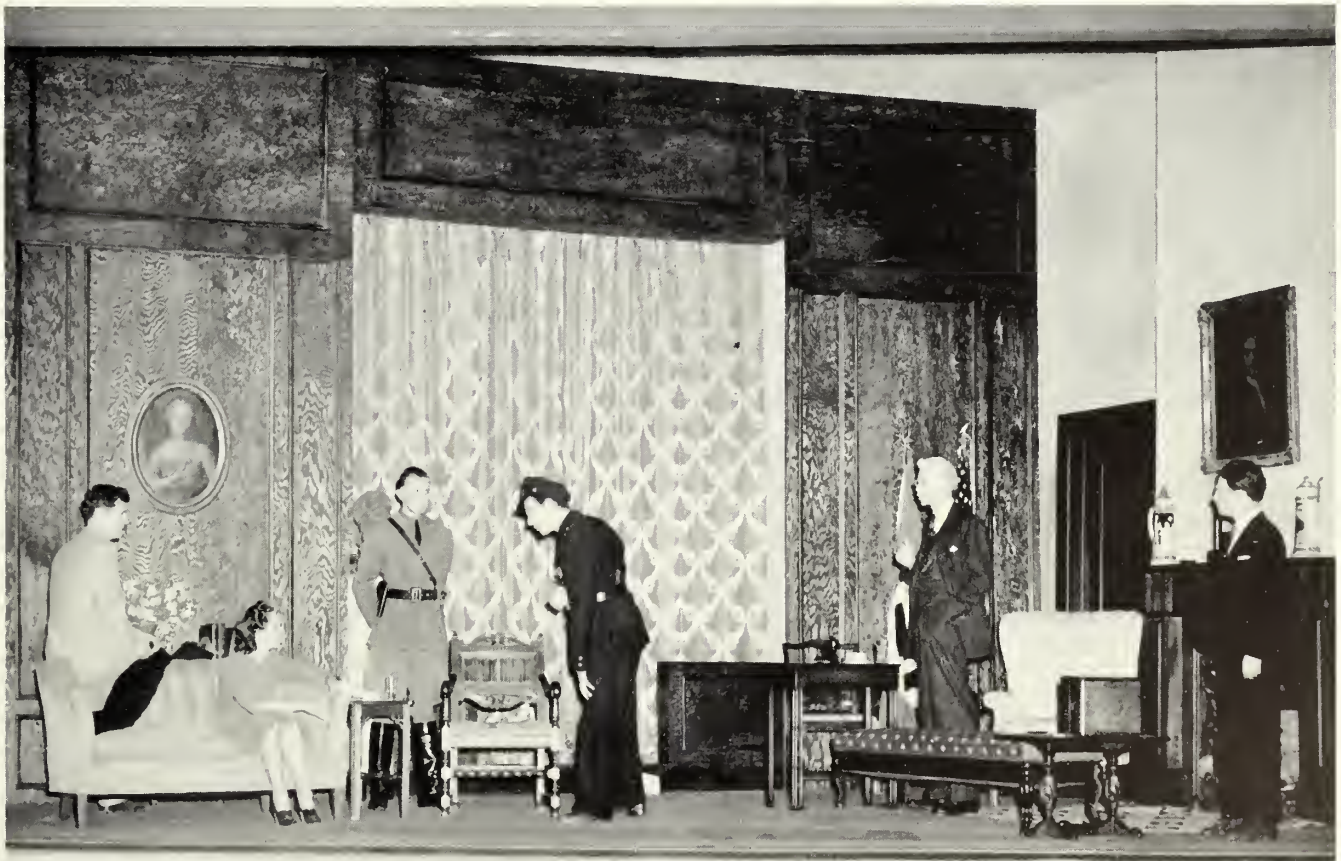
Freshman Players: Standing: Mr. Bailey, Student Director Jack Buckwalter, Barbara Brown, Sue Turner, Peter Boulton, Gordon Laughead, Mr. Allen. Sitting: Jack Ruth, Jean Twachtman, Folke Sellman, Jane Parks.

year the campus is becoming more drama conscious. There are few students who do not attend the productions in the Annie Russell and Laboratory Theatres. The department not only offers training in acting, but also offers much usual experience in all phases of technical work. Throughout the year the Freshman Players have created invaluable interest in dramatics among the freshmen

and kept it very much alive through their plays.

Few will dispute the statement that this has been the best season of the Student Players. Not only has the choice of plays been better, but also the general tone of the productions has been steadily improving. Next season should prove even more stimulating if the department continues to improve as it has been doing in the past two years—J. B.

Finklestein Murphy proves there is no margin for error.



A SETTING FOR WORSHIP



Sunday Morning Meditation.

When the Knowles Memorial Chapel was dedicated in 1932, President Holt turned to the student body and said: "This Chapel is for you. What will you do with it? Will you make this your home for prayer, for meditation, for thanksgiving, for the gaining of daily strength to meet your daily needs, for the consecration and reconsecration of yourself to all that is best in you?"

During the years since this ceremony, President Holt's hopes have been realized, for today the Chapel plays an integral part in the Rollins student life. The modified and modernized Spanish beauty of the structure has made an appeal to all who pass by, and the simplicity of the service has made an appeal to all who enter. Always in the view of the students, its influence creeps easily and naturally into the daily activities of all, whether they be strolling on the Horseshoe or running to and from classes. The tower, rising above the pines, sends out a friendly spiritual gesture during the day when the sun is reflected from it in beautiful golden tones, and at night when the lights make it seem a restful haven. No one can long be on this campus without feeling the majesty and personal appeal of this sanctuary.

Opportunity for active student participation in Chapel administration is both great and varied. The governing board of the Chapel affairs, composed of twelve representative students, is the Chapel staff. This body forms and projects the general schedule of the Chapel activities. Immediately responsible to the Chapel staff, headed this year by John Buckwalter, are the following affiliated student committees:

For those interested in social service work, there

Norine reads the morning lesson.



is the Social Service Committee. Aid received from the college annual Christmas Fund drive helps this committee in their work to aid needy students, and aid existing welfare groups. Representatives of this committee personally visit prisons, orphanages, and asylums to do what they can to lessen suffering. Parties are given for needy children, and often the group aids individual cases.

Keeping the campus and community aware of the Chapel activities and programs is the duty of the Publicity Committee of which Bud Waddell was in charge this year; it is especially active in publicising the Christmas Fund drive.

One of the most difficult sections of Chapel activity is allotted to the ushers who welcome the congregations of both students and visitors to various services and programs throughout the year. Jules Steffens has been head of the ushering group for two years.

The Program Committee selects speakers and arranges the order of worship. Frances Montgomery was this year chairman of the committee which was constantly on the lookout for good student readers, guest speakers, or subjects which they thought would be of general interest.

The choir leads on Convocation Day.



Deon Nance, active leader of the Chapel.

Undoubtedly the most outstanding of all Chapel activities is the perfectly trained choir of sixty voices which sings under the direction of Christopher O. Honaas. As one of the most important musical groups in Florida, it takes a prominent part in the Bach Music Festival and visits many churches to sing to crowded congregations. Dressed in the blue and white choir robes, this group adds a great deal to the beauty of the service each Sunday in the Chapel, singing the best religious choral music.

Organ Vespers every Wednesday evening presented by the Chapel organist, Herman F. Siewart, with various guest artists, draw many for a restful and inspiring evening hour.

The most conspicuous role taken by the students is participation in the Sunday morning services or special church programs. While the speakers are usually outstanding guests of the Dean of the Chapel himself, the rest of the service, including the Scripture readings, the litany, and the Psalter, is reverently interpreted by carefully trained students. The services are non-sectarian in nature; they are a combination of old church traditions and young ideals of worship according to new religious trends. Because of this, their appeal is felt equally by all creeds and beliefs. Communion services are



Chapel Staff: Standing: Bud Waddell, Dean Nance, Carrow Talson, Jack Buckwalter, Dick Kelly, Gordon Laughead. Sitting: Smokey Shalley, Aldine Baker, Miss Clara Adolfs, Jean Twachtman, Franny Montgomery

held at regular intervals for those who wish to take part in them, as well as special observances at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter time. During the winter, the simple, yet effective services, reach out to a larger audience over a local radio station, WDBO.

As student advisor on personal and religious problems, Dean Nance stands at the head of all

Chapel organizations. Quiet and unobtrusive though he is about his guiding, the influences of his work can be noticed everywhere in the Chapel.

But it is to the students that the Chapel belongs. It is theirs to work for and to enjoy. It stands for them as a symbol of youth and age combined, for its permanence and traditions are old but its workers and lovers are young. In the words of the

Chris Honaas, master director of a superb choir.



Symphony in glass.





The Chapel Ushers handle the large crowds with apparent ease. former dean of the Chapel, Charles Atwood Campbell, in the Chapel's inscription, it is a sanctuary for "Here beyond the Striving and the Confusion of the World is a Happy Pathway to Peace and Power Where Departed Visions May be Regained And Wearied Faith Renewed. Within These Stately Walls

Weekly organ vespers by Mr. Siewert attract the old and young alike Through Quiet Meditation And Communion May Be Found The Soul Of All Beauty, The Source Of All Good, And The Eternal Spirit Resident In All True Sanctuaries Whose Name is God By Whose Grace Men Live And Love and Service."—B. W.

Beauty from every angle.





Interracial Club

FOR BETTER UNDERSTANDING

The least exciting and most hard-working of all Rollins' plethora of clubs, orders, fraternities and committees is the Interracial Club. In terms of actual good performed for the community, the Interracial Club is probably the most effective on campus, despite its lack of thrill-appeal.

No place for those who want to come and listen and do nothing, the club's members have organized themselves into committees, each of which concerns itself with helping some negro institution in the vicinity. Overseeing the whole and presiding at the occasional meetings is President Dwight Johnston, aided by the advisory committee of Peggy McLean and Dick Kelly, faculty advisor Dr. Royal France, and secretary Ellen Chadwick.

The Hungerford School committee concerns itself with aiding this nearby negro vocational secondary school, making frequent visits to its campus and contributing their limited financial support towards the supplying of better equipment.

Foreign students speak on international affairs, debaters

present current questions, and athletes demonstrate and explain the less common sports.

A third committee provides a Christmas party for the Colored Day Nursery, and gives scholarships at the Nursery to children whose parents are unable to pay the small sum that is needed to keep them there.

The Colored Library is the real offspring of the Interracial Club, operating through another committee set up for this purpose. Set up four years ago by the committee and stimulated and encouraged by it since then through financial aid and direct contributions of books, the Library has become an important factor in the life of Winter Park's colored citizens.

The committee with the biggest potential job is the last. The club, through the efforts of this committee, is attempting to establish a recreational center for the negro youth of the community. They have already obtained the promise of land for the project and the city's guarantee of help in equipping the Center.

Every year the members of the Club attend a Florida Inter-collegiate Inter-racial Conference at which eight colleges are represented. This year's conference was held at Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona Beach, Fla. The question was centered on the topic of "Making Democracy Effective," in relationship to the Government, Industries, and Society.

The Interracial Club is one of the most serious groups on campus, and itself deplors the inadequacy of the work it has been able to do, but it offers itself as a training ground for social work, and submits its projects to time for judgment.

The bi-weekly supper meetings of the International Relations Club (fried chicken, peas, coffee and chockows) have been the scene of many bottles only slightly less intense than those of the European front.

Some members merely attend for lack of a more entertaining place to eat supper, but the club has a nucleus of interested internationalists. There is President Ted Pitmon, aristocratic peacemaker, capitalistic Secretary Betty Holl, and the council: fiery Spanish liberal Luis Hortal, Janet

Jones who stands with Mr. Pitmon on most questions, and Shirley Bowstead, peace advocate. Buel Trowbridge acts as faculty advisor and mediator.

Often an after-dinner speaker is imported to talk on some phase of the international situation. Among these have been Haynes Davis, New York lawyer and authority on international law and peace, and Professor Mowat of Bristol (England) University, travelling Carnegie Institute Professor of History. On other occasions, foreign students enrolled at Rollins discussed their experiences abroad. Yves de Chambure spoke on France, Luis Hortal on Spain, and Rudolph Toch on Austria.

Twelve members of the Club this year attended a conference of International Relations Clubs from colleges in the southeastern part of the United States. Held at Tallahassee at the end of February, the Conference considered varying topics confronting the world today in the international field.

Through its allotment from the Chapel Fund, the Club has been able to make contributions for Asiatic and European refugee students, in whom they have taken a keen interest as part of their field work.—A. N.

International Relations Club



MR. CHAIRMAN!

Have you ever been called on suddenly to address an audience, have you ever felt your knees turn to jelly; have you ever had your hands burn with icy perspiration?

Practical experience is the only method known to alleviate that inevitable nervousness. Men and women in PI KAPPA DELTA, the honorary debating fraternity, have dried icy perspiration and have solidified jellied knees through experience. There isn't a person in the photograph who could not render a fireside chat as convincingly as our own beloved "FDR" complete with shaking head and "my friends."

The clamor this year has been for experience in every shape and form. What are better avenues for experience than debating, radio broadcasts, oral renditions before strange audiences and the like?

The debating teams of Rollins skillfully and successfully argued against squads from the universities of New York, Dayton, Pennsylvania and Florida, besides many other lead-



The gentlemen from Florida had their day.

ing colleges in the United States. Bob Whiston, Jack Liberman, Dorothy Robinson and Dorothy Hugli have gained recognition for their fine handling of words and ideas.

The entire nation listened when Ev. Farnsworth and Joe Fribley trimmed Bates College of Maine on a coast-to-coast broadcast from New York. The debate was, Resolved: That Maine Is The Ideal Playground Of The Nation.

Luis Hortal and Carson Seavey have walked away from many oratorical contests with winning awards.

To explain the activities and accomplishments of PI KAPPA DELTA would require more space than is available

here. However, Professor Pierce has announced that the tentative schedule for next year includes debates with Yale and Harvard on an extensive trip in the East.

This type of activity does two things: it brings the name of Rollins to the rest of the country and it helps to overcome jellied knees and icy perspiration.—R. W.

Pi Kappa Delta: Standing: John Homan, Rudy Toch, Jack Liberman, Bob Stonerack, Dwight Johnston.
Sitting: Dorothy Robinson, Betty Hall, Mr. Pierce, Dean Anderson, Dot Hugli, Everett Farnsworth.



CONTACT!

At the end of this, the second year of Civil Aeronautic Authority Training program at Rollins, over one hundred trained pilots have been produced. Establishing an outstanding safety record, Rollins students have flown over 3000 hours in civil flight training without a single mishap.

Two courses were held this year. The first course ran from October to December, the second from February through May, replacing a full course in the students' curriculum. Two evenings a week fledgling aviators met in ground-school classes for a total of 90 hours work in history of aviation, civil air regulations, navigation, meteorology, construction and use of parachutes, aircraft and the theory of flight, power-plants, instruments and radio uses and forms.

This is generally drudgery compared to the 35 hours of actual flight lessons at the Orlando Municipal Airport. These are divided into three stages: Stage 1 is the pre-solo stage in which take-offs, landings and shallow turns are



This is not approved by C A A. handbook 236.

practiced. At first the flights are quite thrilling, but they soon become commonplace. Stage 2 is more fun. This is air work with "confidence maneuvers," steep turns, figure-eights, power-on landings and power-off stalls. Stage 3 includes cross country flying, which is dull, 720° turns, and spot landings. Power-on stalls, fast slips, and spins—also in this group—are the most fun of all. Aerobatics (loops, rolls, Immelman turns, etc.) are prohibited, but it is suspected that advanced students sometimes do them on the sly.

Any students between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six who pass the physical examination, and are satisfactory in their academic work, may enter the program. Ten percent of these may be girls.—A. N.

"Close the door. It's drafty."



This training in aeronautics is important in that it serves as Rollins' contribution to national preparedness. Students will be offered the opportunity to give real assistance, although this training will not place them under direct military obligation.



SOUND YOUR "A"

In the music department serious operettic hopefuls rub shoulders with people who "just like to sing."

The Conservatory promotes and encourages many events from college sings on the banks of Lake Virginia, to the annual Bach Festival at Knowles Memorial Chapel.

Incoming students are invited—urged—to try for the Chapel Choir. Not only does the choir take part in the inspiring Sunday morning services, but also in Convocation and other notable occasions. This group forms the nucleus of the nationally celebrated Bach Choir. At Rollins each spring the Bach Choir presents masterpieces by that great composer. Both are under direction of Christopher Honaas.

Formed last year, an opera company presents annually selections from the works of Gilbert and

Sullivan. This year the group performed "H. M. S. Pinafore."

Instrumentalists are invited to join the College

"No! no! can't you see? Not eighth notes, but twenty-sixth notes!"





The Morning Meditation ends with the seven-fold amen.

Band which lends color and feeling to Rollins football games. Also they may join the Chamber Group which plays for its own pleasure and inspiration, securing for themselves excellent ensemble training. Instrumental soloists assist at the Wednesday evening Vespers where visiting artists often appear.

Rollins does much to sponsor the Central Florida Symphony Orchestra. The Orchestra draws not only its members, but its patrons, from this entire section. Four concerts are given each year under the baton of Alexander Bloch. This is conceded

to be one of the finest musical groups of the Southeast.

Another of the musical highlights is The Faculty Recital Series, presenting outstanding artists from the Rollins family.

An appreciation of good music on the part of Rollins students is reflected in the gatherings at the dormitories and chapter houses. At these meetings students listen over the radio to the Metropolitan Opera and to the great symphony orchestras. Many are present each week at Dyer Memorial Building when programs of recordings are offered to them. The public is welcome on these occasions.—D. T.



Peak of the musical season is the Bach Festival



Dyer Memorial, where treasures of music await all who seek it.



"People come for casual sketching."

MUSCLES AND VIOLENT ACTION

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY EVENING some people come to the studio for casual sketching. These people are not always the same, for anyone comes and, while the more regular souls refer to themselves as Studio Club, they do not mean a cabala with sharp edges but rather a commune with atmospheric edges. Writing people come sometimes, and they sit in a corner snickering and manufacturing their story for other people to illustrate. When the story ends the writing people stretch smugly in their folding chairs, while the other people come to a spirited, if ragged, conclusion, some frankly happy that it is over, and others in whom the spirit is working darkly trembling and scowling and hasting the hand, precariously eager. Then everyone stands around or sits down while the story is read by someone who can read, and the place is darkened so the illustrations can be projected on a big screen. Perhaps there will be tea or coffee or ice cream, although there is always a risk that nothing will be provided, as there is no system for col-

lecting money and paying for those things. Sometimes the program offers nothing more than a life or portrait class, with drawing boards set out at 20 places around the model throne and equipped with (1) charcoal and brown wrapping paper, or (2) dry pigment and black paper, or (2a) whiting and black paper. Because the model usually stands in strong light that travels over bone and muscle in rich, luminous gradations, the black paper and powdered pigment are good, for in patting on the color, every touch is effective, and magical too, if the mystery is not impasted out or rubbed away. Once, after life-drawing, there was an exhibition of fencing and that program had been advertised in little handbills: "MUSCLES AND VIOLENT ACTION." When there was hula dancing the handbills said "MUSCLES AND HULA." There has been a little agitation in the group to abolish muscles. Whether this is a serious trend, time alone can tell.—R. B.

“Hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good
friendship,
And great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world’s
life.”

—Browning—Saul, St. 7.

“The cure for the evils of the fraternity
system is not the abolition of fraternities
but extending fraternities so that there are
enough fraternities on the campus to take
in the whole student body, or at least ev-
eryone who cares to enjoy them.”

—Hamilton Holt.



You and Your Fraternity





Standing, Left to Right: Ronald Green, Tad Cist, Bill Justice, Jack Myers, Paul Meredith, Gordon Apgar, Ed Amark, George Estes, Robert Benchley, Wallace MacBriar, Robert McCorkle, Yves de Chambure, David Low. Seated, Left to Right: Robert Whiston, Bill Chick, Ted Pitman, Dr. Thurston Adams, Earl Brankert, Mr. Willard Wattles, Dick Rodda, Ed Alloo, Bill Affleck.

X CLUB

By TAD CIST

On Monday night when the shades are drawn and the good little Phi Delts and KA's et al are worshipping at the feet of the National Chapter, the Clubbers open their weekly business meeting with such important items as who takes the soap or when will the treasury show a credit balance.

A "Terry" fanatic



This lack of the fraternal ecstacy which you get by having blood buddies at Upper Buloh U. or Scranton Polytech. is one of the X Clubber's prides. We are a local organization. This not only means a lack of ritual in our meetings but allows us to spend all of our dues on such worthy local projects as Whiston's spring suit, or "Choppy." Choppy is our private No. 1 boy who cleans our shoes and chouchouffers Bill Chick and has been trained, after much trouble, to salaam obsequiously at any X Clubber's approach. We are very proud of him.

And we can take pride in other things:

There's the Gory trophy on the mantel
and the tennis-playing Eds
and Dick Rodda (though nothing much is said about it).
Pitman's old world charm,



"Oomph"



"MacBriar's suave voice..."

Prof. Steel as a house-mother,
the fact that we don't need a neon sign for promotion
purposes,
MacCorkle's foreign cor (Aldine likes it),
Whiston's competence and Affleck's copacity, and
MacBriar's suave voice over WDBO.

To complete the introduction we should meet the rest of
the Clubbers. There's Meredith, the football-playing stu-
dent and Justice, the studying football-player. In his well-
appointed suite we have "Boss" (after Pendergost, what?)
Myers and Senior Manny Brankert, the cheerful. Then

there's George Estes the amorous, and Dave Low the taciturn.
There's Tod Cist who's apparently always in the lab, and
Ronny Green who's always out wid de boys, and Yves wid de
fifth column accent. Also Jack Harris, who like Annie,
doesn't live here any more. Late lamented ore Whitehead
with the ocerb wit, and Jawn—good old Jawn.

There they ore; and girls, if you're looking for the steady
dependable type, the X Club's got it.

May I close with a few words from one of our Deans:
"Yes sir, there's no flies on the X Club." And what a proud
day thot was.

"Aw, for gosh sakes can't you leove us alone!" Jock said forcefully.



SIGMA PHI OMEGA

By EMANUEL EHRLICH

Sigma Phi Omega entered its third year with the knowledge that it would be a crucial period, because the depletion of its membership through graduation last year left us with only four active and two faculty members with which to start this year.

The first need was evidently an increased membership. When an intensive rushing campaign satisfactorily augmented our roles (statistically speaking, 300%), we were able to subordinate this phase of our activity.

Besides increasing our membership from among the student body, we were fortunate in being able to induct into full brotherhood as members of our faculty advisory committee Dr. Rudolph Fischer, faculty member in the modern language department, and Mr. George Cartwright, Sr., Superintendent of Grounds.

Aiding the impetus of our increased membership, and also very gratifying, was the honor conferred upon Sigma Phi Omega when at the opening Convocation for the year, we were awarded the scholarship trophy for the second consecutive time. We hope to repeat this feat next year so that, if the trophy is awarded to us again, it will mean permanent possession.

The next event on our calendar called for the Intramural Dramatics Tournament, which Sigma Phi Omega sponsored last year. This year, however, the Dramatics Department requested that the sponsorship of the tournament be transferred to the Rollins chapter of Theta Alpha Phi, National Honorary Dramatics Society. S. P. O. was glad to co-operate and gave up its brain-child. The contest this year was conducted by Theta Alpha Phi, and we were happy to note that the tournament was again a success.



After the party

Looking forward, 1938-1939



The guiding stars



The boys look over the coat-of-arms.



Sigma Phi Omega then announced its contribution to the Rollins College Library through membership in the "Book-A-Year-Forever" Club. By payment to the Library of a fifty dollar fee, the interest from the endowment would be sufficient to purchase a book in the member's name every year forever. We feel that this is a worthy project and we hope that other groups will also find it possible to join.

The next step was the most encouraging since the organization of Sigma Phi Omega. With the co-operation of the administration, we acquired a lodge on the shore of Lake Virginia. We immediately went to work leveling and terracing the grounds, in an effort to make it another Rollins beauty spot. Although a good deal of progress has already been made, our plans call for the eventual expenditure of a thousand dollars which will go toward enlarging the house and adding a porch, an outdoor dance floor, a

council ring in the midst of the woods, a dock on our lake-front, and lighting and other general improvements. We hope to make the S. P. O. "estate" a sight on the "must" list of every visitor.

Sigma Phi Omega is greatly encouraged by the results of the past year and we feel that we have passed our critical period successfully. Elections for next year will not be held in time to include the results in this write-up. We are confident, however, of having an executive group with whom the brothers will be glad to co-operate.

Following are the names of the faculty members and officers who served this past year: Dr. Richard Feuerstein, Mr. William F. Yust, Dr. Rudolph Fischer, Mr. George Cartwright, Sr.; President, Emanuel Ehrlich; Vice President, Rankin Shrewsbury; Secretary, Warren Titus; Treasurer, Richard Forbes.

Standing, Left to Right: Lamar Simmons, Julian Brewster, Dick Forbes, John Newmark, Clayton Grimstad, Bob Rosenberg. Sitting: Dr. Feuerstein, Dr. Fischer, Emanuel Ehrlich, Dr. Yust, Mr. Cartwright. Sitting on Floor: Ed Lott, Howard Walters, Jerry Knight, Warren Titus, Rankin Shrewsbury, Carl Fowler.



SIGMA NU

By DONALD MURPHY

It is said the Sigma Nu's speak only to God—but to be quite candid, we are far more condescending than that—we speak to Him, His associates, a dean or two and each other— but only then in hushed tones. We usually throw any old J. Press coat around our haughty shoulders and dirty up our saddle shoes when we venture out to walk among common people. It makes them feel at ease.

We did, however, animate a bit when we looked with approval upon Messrs. Swan, Putney, Fribley, Ruth, Campbell, Griffin, and Faile and beckoned them to come join our misanthropic ranks. Each year we must fill the saddle shoes

with competent novices, as the masters must one day retire into a still more cloistered existence. So then we sadly bid adieu to one Everett Farnsworth and Charles Rauscher—the former reputed to be the best prexy this illustrious order has had and liked by all—the latter a staunch supporter of the cause, a tireless worker, and an artist of no small ability. We thank him for having helped us attain our present heights. A certain P. G. leaves us in the form of one William Collins, equipped to handle all the law courts of the world, and with him goes his Sulka ties we loved so well to wear.

Standing, Left to Right: David Faile, Robert Pratt, Frank Enquist, Hank Swan, Jack Ruth, John Putney, Munroe Griffin, Joe Fribley, Dick Dana. Sitting: Bob Whiteley, Al Roosevelt, Everett Farnsworth, Charles Rauscher, Harrison Barnes, Jules Steffens. Seated on Ground: Bob Ruse, Don Murphy, Jack Sharp, Jack Campbell.





Ballantines and Beasties

Of the other young gods remaining on earth, we watch with assent their doings: Mr. Roosevelt, keen of eye, teaches the common people the art of shooting firearms; Mr. Griffin teaches the varsity how football should be played; Mr. Swan tells the swimming team a thing or two; the debating teams are adequately supported by Messrs. Farnsworth and Fribley, with a jaunt to New York and a broadcast included. Our man Barnes coddles the basketball team; and dramatics

were never dramatics until Campbell and Ruth trod these boards. The jumping and showing of horses we leave to Murphy, and the art of lassitude and wit to Enquist; Diligence to Steffins, and to Mr. Pratt the cognizance that a barren waste has been turned into a veritable garden of Nebuchadnezzar, to wit: patio garden. Mr. Whiteley, he of the song and key board and humor unsurpassed, shall



Don't go to the dog's. Play the horses Get it?

not be overlooked, nor shall Richard Dana or Ruse, who is the Student Council.

Sharpe, descending down upon us from the heights of Humboldt and the Strawberry fields, we reflect with pleasure. But enough of this—we and the Gods know full well the meaning of a smooth bunch, so with a yawn of ennui and a nod of assent, we retire once more, to be dusted off in the Fall.



Sigma Nu's Give Tea for Sigma Nu's.



"Milk, please."



"There's an art to everything."



"A toast!" cried Smokey.



"I'd rather be a KA Rose"



"It's time for meeting!"

PI BETA PHI

MEET ME UNDERNEATH THE CORNER TABLE
AT RAPETTI'S

Spaghetti rhymed with Rapetti—and our appetites jived with bath, so there's where we went for dinner . . .

Da spaget maestra himself met us with gald-taathed smile, apen arms and two extra pats of butter far Alice the Newcamer.

There was a naisy ta-do af pushing tables together . . . "yau sit here" . . . "mave aver far me" . . . "is Betsy Bundesen last and late again?" . . . an aut-af-nowhere giggle fram Tic VanDuzer for wha knows what? . . . Barbara Brokaw laoked, saw na man but Rapetti (who has a fat wife and doesn't caunt), took aff her lipstick and relaxed . . . Then what a raamful af hungry Pi Phi's, determined to do their unrestrained warst ta the steaming, sa-vary, piled-high plates of spaghetti!

Sally Spurlack—camera clenched in her teeth and flash-bulb tucked in her hair—did her warst too, as bear painful witness.

Pat Laursen did her beauteaus bland braids up in two paper napkins and abandonned waistline cares far the jay at hand.

Rapetti asked Miss Green and Mrs. Willy ta have "a little samething" along with their dinner—bath laoked confusingly demure and asked far "milk, please!"

Trudie Musselwhite's nose remained up-turned but that was a cute trick af Mama Nature's and nat her reaction ta meat balls, spaghetti and hat-sauce.

Prissy Parker claims there's an art ta everything—even eating spaghetti—and tried ta shaw us how, but we dribbled it an our chins even as be-fare.

Hazel Maady should have knawn better when we were all sa busy, but she started us singing "Ring-ching-ching" and ring-chinged sa hard with glass and spoon that she brake the glass and got a lapful af ice water.



Standing, from Left to Right: Hester Sturgis, Lolly Phillips, Priscilla Parker, Sally Spurlock, Pat Laursen, Barbara Northen, Peggy Caldwell, Smokey Sholley. Second Row: Bobby Brokaw, Gracia Tuttle, Betty Knowlton, Nancy Locke, Alice Newcomer, Gertrude Musselwhite, Marv Anthony, Barbara Brown. Front Row: Hazel Moody, Louise Ryan, Emilie Gautier, Betsy Bundesen, Tic Van Duzer.

Barbara Brown raised her eyebrows and said, "Reahllly, deah!" and managed most elegantly even with a full mouth.

For an incredible second there was silence, then—"A toast!" cried Smokey, "To love! To spaghetti! To our Darlings!"

Emilie Gautier raised her glass: "A toast to the X's—ex-boy friends, X Club pins, and X's at the bottom of a letter!"

Tiny-stuff Nanny Locke sighed into her plate, "I'd rather be a KA rose—but where I'll wind up nobody knows."

Grady Tuttle slanted her green eyes and smiled with the secret wisdom of all red-headed women.

Little Brockie Brock gestured with her fork: "A toast to the colors wine and blue! to Pi Beta Phi! and bless me and you!" Everybody cheered and drank whatever was handy till bottoms-up.

Hester Yankee-gal Sturgis pulled a handful of Peggy Caldwell's glamorous black hair and cried "My plate's empty! I been robbed—robbed by a rebel!"

Mary Anthony twirled spaghetti absently on her elbow and looked into space, dreaming out loud: "Imagine my Uncle Mark drifting down the Nile on a barge—pitching woo with Cleopatra . . ."

Puss Ryan suddenly turned her chair around and looked fixedly out the window moaning, "Take it awaaay! . . . That stuff looks like the worms we had to eat at informal initiation!"

Lolly Phillips bravely tossed off a straight glass of distilled water and announced, "I used to go with a basketball player who called me 'Lollipop'—I wish I had one now—a lollipop, I mean—maybe."

Bets Knowlton spoke in a voice of authority, "Try standing up and see if you can make it back to Mayflower. It's time for meeting."

For a second nobody moved or was able to, but then there was a general struggle to their feet, for Bets is the Pied Piper and Madam President rolled into one and her word is law—except when over-ruled.

Signed:

No Longer Hungry—Yours in Pi Beta Phi.

PHI MU

THE GATHERING OF THE NUTS

A Drama in One Act

By Norine Farr

Time—Any Monday night, 1940-41.

Setting—Chapter living-room, in great disarray.

Event—Formal meeting, fashioned after Phi Mu Rules of Order.

'Verne. (Pleadingly) Hey, we gonna have a formal meeting tonight? Let's cut it short, how about it!

Prexy. Honey, we gotta have a formal meeting. We've only had two this year, and heaven only knows what the Inspector will say. (Screaming in a loud voice) Come on, kids, let's get this thing over with! (More Nuts stroll aimlessly in).

Marelle. Everybody here? Guess I'll call the roll.

'Verne. Uh-uh. Formal Meeting.

(A few traditional acts are skimmed over.)

Marelle. (Calling roll) Alice Bane Shearouse is late as usual, and so is Helen Tooker.

Ginny. Tooker? Such nerve—this is her first meeting!

Barbie. Goody, another dollar for the treasury!

Prexy. Shall we have the Lord's Prayer? (As everyone bows her head—except Luverne, who has a crick in her neck—and begins to mutter, enter the late Nuts, whereupon Prexy forgets the Prayer and shakes her fist at them.) Fine thing! You may sit cross-legged on the floor during the whole meeting! (Which is what they wanted to do, anyway.) Now then, let's get to work. Any business?



Prexy

Barbie. I'll say! We've got to think up some ways to raise some money—charity, you know.

Louise. Let's touch the alums.

Janie Fairchild Mobley (Who has been quietly knitting on a big, masculine looking sock). I object! Can't afford it, we're building a house.

Voice from the hall: Louise Windham, telephone! Washington calling.

Louise. That's Oakley. May I be excused? (She walks un- hurriedly out of the room.)

'Verne. Did you ever see such composure? If that were George calling me, you wouldn't be able to see me for a cloud of dust.

Barbie. Come on, now, how about the money question?



Phi Music



Locks faked, doesn't it?

Tooker. Well, let's rob the traditional bank and have it done with. Janie's Pop's for instance.

Janie. I object!

Hamaker. I disapprove, too. Why, that's dishonest!

Marelle. Isn't it about time we went to Bach rehearsal?

Prexy. (Sweetly) Sit still, dears, it's only ten of eight.

Alice Bane. I've gotta leave. Gotta date.

Prexy. Well, of all things! You know we're not supposed to have dates on Monday night.

Barbie. Please, kids, I want MONEY!

Ginny. Yes, let's be serious for a change. (Coaxingly). Come on, now, let's get something done!

Alice B. But he's down there waiting for me! (She sulks.)

Prexy. (Exasperated), Well, go ahead, but this is the last time.

(Exit Alice B.)

'Verne. We'd better be going to Bach.

Prexy. (Firmly) You have plenty of time. It's only five to eight.

Barbie. (In a harse whisper) Will you or will you not listen to my proposal?

Tooker. I'm listening, Barbie, go ahead.

Hamaker. There isn't any time now. We have to go to Student Council.

'Verne and Marelle. We're leaving for Bach! (They exit with uplifted noses as President shouts, "Get out, then!" and glares at them.)

Ginny. Come on, Barbie and Jean, there ain't no use. We may as well go to Council. (They try to leave in a dignified manner, but are somewhat hampered by the violent entrance of pledges PRESTHOLDT and KOHL, who mow them down, so intent are they in their search for one HELEN TOOKER, whom they are going to drag to a show—in spite of the rule about no engagements on Monday nights. After they have captured their victim and hauled her off the room is silent save for the clicking of knitting needles. As JANIE begins a dissertation on The Best Way to Serve Steak and French Fried Potatoes, an auto horn is heard from without.)

Janie. Gally, there's Jim! Honey, I'll see you later. 'Bye! (She too, exits, leaving one wilted President alone in the helter-skelter room. As the telephone rings insistently, the wilted President mutters, "Meeting adjourned" and hurries down the hall to answer it, hoping fervently it is for her.)

(CURTAIN)

Standing, Left to Right: Alice Bane Shearcuse, Barbara Bryant, Helen Tooker, Louise Windham Seated, Left to Right: Jean Hamaker, Polly Prestholdt, Virginia Fender, Norine Farr, Luverne Phillips, Doris Kohl, Marelle Haley.





Lost Row, Left to Right: Lou Betheo, Clyde Jones, Bob McFall, John Giantonio, Rolph Horrington, Bob Davis, Ollie Borker. Middle Row: Dr Grover, Sammy Hardman, Bud Hoover, Bill House, John Fleeger, Jim Hoover, Nin Bond, Clax Kraus, Dr. Stone. First Row: Bob Ferguson, Pershing Scott, Bill Victor, Honk Minor, Frank Grynkrout, Sam Trethewey, Bob Myers, Ed Morris.

PHI DELTA THETA

By JOHN E. GIANTONIO

The Phi Delt "Ship" has just come in from its 1941 cruise and the crew is gathered at the rail ready to take their leave. The voyage that the Phi's have covered this year has been one of the most successful that they have ever had. They have traveled far and have come through all kinds of storms and gales, and their craft has had many chances to prove its worthiness.

Throughout the voyage, the crew has been discussing the plans that they have for the time that they are to spend away from the "Ship", and their plans are diversified and promise excitement. Seamen Herb Hoover and Jones have

had enough of the hale and hearty life of the Sea, so it has been their choice to present a lady-fair the wonderful opportunity of living with them the rest of their "Landlubber" days. The lucky damsel for Herb is Carl Good, who at this reading, should appreciate the opportunity I have given her of reading her maiden name, and then for Jonesie there is Sally Hodgedon, who has come all the way from Maine to claim our Shipmate. Here's hoping that the vacuum cleaner sales for Hoover becomes Premier for the world.

Professor Bethea is in a turmoil and though his heart belongs to Elsa, his service belongs to Uncle Sam who has seen

"Home with Hongover was Hoover"



"Is it Blood or...?"





"Hunhhh..."

fit to postpone the wedding bells "toll" indefinitely. Seaman Bethea has calmed down a great deal this trip and his long stories are now made short by the toles that are being told by Ulysses Ninian Bond. "Nubbs" is the man that is going to change the saying of o "poor excuse is better thon none" to "there is no excuse for a poor excuse when there is a good excuse for everyone." And he is the mon that can do it.

"Boob" McFoo, "Rounder-than-me" McFall, is leaving his shipmates this trip with the sincere hope that upon his return he will not have to ride the waves to Port Clover Bloom. This is getting to be a jinx to "Foo" and is the spot of his real "Seasickness." This sailing has been a stormy one for our Don Juan, but he has come through it in fine shape. His mates all hope that upon his return, he will find a bright light shining in the Theta window; if not, they have promised to unite for the purpose of smoothing his path to Clovers.

Shipmate "Bunky" Fleeger, sorry, it should be Flossie, has had the "mails" working overtime this year. Everytime the first of the month rolled by, Floss would moan and groan about instalment plans. So with Robbies in his mind, Bunky in his heart, receipts paid in his pocket, and Mr. Boston in his hand, Flossie weaves down the gangplank and turns his homely pan in the direction of Tulsa. If all goes well, "Bunk" and Floss are going on a voyage of their own that is going to last o long time. Good luck John.

"Rounder-than-McFall" Hoover (known as Jim) has ever been the good-natured gent of our outfit and will continue to be so. Jim has always had a soft spot in his heart for fiestas and once, while cruising the waters around the coast of Spain, Jim left the ship and did not return for hours; his mates finally found him attending o "Hot-Dog" stand at o Spanish Fiesta. Only the offer of a "quick one" at Harper's could bring Jim away from his stand. Brother Barker had no idea what Harper's Tavern Along The Front would be and he was all for staying and having o "Dog" or two on Jim. Ollie is the smallest man on our crew and he is always on the lookout for ways in which to add a pound or two.

Victor, this one's first nome is Bill and a new oddition to our crew had no definite plans to reveal, but he did soy something about going to Miami, cause he had heard it was quite the spot. "Vic" proved to be a heart-breaker and throughout the trip refused to give the girls a break. He proved to be strictly a "Flamingo-Buider-Upper," but more than once did this statement cause mild repercussions the wrong way.

Som Hardman and little "Ski-Nose" were never very far apart from each other and a good pair they do make. When ever they were separated, Brooks always received an off-shore coll with specific instructions as to where to be.

We did have trouble with Davis. He insisted on using Chief Scott's skillet for a tennis bot and the galley-house walls suffered from the tattoo he played on them. Chaplain Harrington made sure throughout the trip that no one suffered from the lack of spiritual food and the blessings he invoked still ring in my ears. Especially the blessings he gove to Seaman Myers when the initiation was held. It was divine!!!

"Lover" Watson House played no favorites. He is a true son of the Shakespearian Drama. He needs but one charoc-ter other than himself and the scene is complete. He makes his own settings. Many are the nights that he would rehearse out on the offer-deck with Seaman Knight, whose head would be adorned with the trusty mop which served os "her" golden locks, while the rest of the crew looked on with envy at the technique displayed. Knight would be instructed to use only a southern accent, as "Lover" was preparing himself for a realistic scene that was soon to take place somewhere in Georgio.

And then the last one to make his way down the gang-plank is "Grumpy," and this is where you are now relieved. "Grumps" is tired of telling all on his crew and he has no thought of telling anything on himself, but he will say this: the crew mentioned above has some of the best moteys on it than a man could ever hope to find anywhere. Real friends they have been and real friends they will be; for them oll, moy I soy "Bon Voyoge!"

"Something Ought To Be Done About This"





Social climber



Kelly and Darling getting in the mood for Bad Taste dance

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

By DICK KELLY

Turning our back disdainfully on clever introductory paragraphs (after searching in vain for one) we hereby plunge into the serious business of somehow working the names of our 31 actives and pledges into this article. We promise not to make it in the form of a play, a poem, story, or a parable. It is, simply (since we are essentially a simple, homey group), a record of the more outstanding events of the year, as your correspondent recalls them.

MUSICAL CRISIS OF THE YEAR: The daily battle of the Bach-ers vs. the Hep Cats. The Bach enthusiasts led by Cram, Wetherell, Sturchio, Darling, Chris Honaas and

Toscannini, armed only with pitch pipes, eighth notes and pipes torn from the pipe organ, fought the insolent newcomers to a finish. The Hep-Cats, led by Drummin' Dan and Weinberg, Boom-Boom Sedlmayr, Riffin' Reedy Talton, and Whistlin' Willie Wharton were armed only with three Deccas of Artie Shaw and a phonograph needle.

THOSE NOCTURNAL JAUNTS OF DUDLEY DARLING'S: Whose curious habit of going to bed at 9:30, arising at midnight to dress and leave for parts unknown baffled Hooker Hall's best brains, including Reilly Weinberg and Isabelle.

OUTSTANDING EVENT OF THE YEAR: The Lambda Chi Bad Taste Ball, of course, and the day Pete Crawford was caught taking a bath, and Carrow Tolson failed to look in the mirror and shout, "It's A Rough Life."

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE YEAR: The night Royall, Albert and Kelly engaged in a scuffle outside Cram's room without bringing forth the ogre of Hooker Hall, spouting fire and imprecations.

WORST LUCK OF THE YEAR: Chappy Lawton's, any day, at the Lambda Chi casino.

BEST ROW OF THE YEAR: The night Kasten, tiring of Combes' water-throwing, thrust Black-Jack under his arm, strode downstairs and deposited him neatly, if not gently, in his room.

BEST COCKTAIL OF THE YEAR: The one the pledges drank at informal initiation. (Ask Dick Krall!)

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED: Sammy Pugh, who can't lose . . . especially to Chappy.

HORROR STORY OF THE YEAR: The fate of Boyd

The glamour boys gather for an eve-tide story from Mother Robie



France, who left us to go to the U. of Mexico City and suffered untold indignities upon his matriculation there.

MOST GHASTLY OF THE YEAR: MacArthur. MacArthur. MacArthur. Also, MacArthur and his haircuts.

BEST LUCK OF THE YEAR: Bob Matthew's, in escaping the eye of the sideshow man at the Carnival.

MOST PERSISTENT OF YEAR: Frank Bowes, known to his intimates as "The Great Profile," who wouldn't take "no" for an answer from Miss Saunders, despite her actions on the ferris wheel.

WORST AGONY OF YEAR: Bob Steinfeldt's, following the fraternity party at Orlanda establishment, and his rejection by a certain freshman girl, named Natalie.

MOST ELUSIVE MEMBER: Kenny Scudder, who apparently is our Invisible Man.

MOST UP-AND-COMING: Future Headwaiter Bud (Hit-'Em-A-Lick) Bryson, entrepreneur deluxe.

MOST PATRIOTIC: Curry Brady, who deserted Rollins for the U. S. Army Air Corps.

OUTSTANDING SCHOLASTIC ACHIEVEMENT: That of Jim (Dead-Bird) Blalock, in getting a 44 on Brad's history test.

EYE-OPENER OF THE YEAR: The Day Ed Acree abandoned his "Natchel-Satchel" terminology for more descriptive terms.

OUTSTANDING SARTORIAL EVENT: The Day Grundler posed for the group picture. Frank was resplendent in a



That's water

blue shirt with white collar, purple tie, black coat, light blue trousers and tan shoes.

JOURNALISTIC DISCOVERIES OF THE YEAR: Yopp and Pugh, who besides writing good sports items for the Sandspur, specialize in letters home.

GREATEST WOOER OF THE YEAR: Doyle (Lazonga) Darnold, who actually shawed up at our dance with a GIRL!

WORST ARTICLE OF THE YEAR:

Back Row, Left to Right: Carl Sedlmoyr, Chappy Lawton, Frank Bowes, Fred Kasten, Dick Kelly, Carrow Tolson, Bob Matthews, Dudley Darling, Bill Rayall Center Row, Left to Right: Rad MacArthur, Bud Albert, Ken Scudder, Buddy Bryson, Pete Crawford, Mr. Siewert, Mr. Harris, Mr. Weinberg, Dean Anderson, Mr. Hanaas, Dr. Waddington, Mr. Daugherty, Doyle Darnold, Pres. Wetherell, Eddy Weinberg, Frank Grundler. Front Row, Left to Right: Dick Krall, James Blalock, Ira Yopp, Bob Steinfeldt, Bill Whartan, Jack Cambes, Gene Sturchia, Ed Acree, Reedy Taltan, Sammy Pugh.



KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

KAPPA DAZE

By PALTER CHINCHAL

Hello, Mr. and Miss Rallins and all the ships at sea, let's go to Press! Kappa Gamma seems to be the order of the day, so this column will deal exclusively with them and their doings.

MIDTOWN VIGNETTES—Well, wherever there are college romances, there are always those eternal triangles,—namely, Eleanor—Bill and Bill; Scotty—H. B. and Al. Here's hoping that the best man wins.

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT—"Oh! my dear, you must come and have tea with us next Thursday at Lady Agatha's." "I wish I knew what I wanted to get out of life." "Tommy called me last night." "I'm so happy, Scott's coming up this week-end." "Pah-don me, do you all mind, if Ah ask a question?"

ORCHIDS TO—Patty Pritchard's winning the dramatic's award—Diggers for everything, including her plan, even if

it didn't work,—B. Little's winning the Mid-Florida Women's Golf Championship,—Ethel Mac, for never talking out of turn,—Betty B, for paving the way for our younger generation,—The basketball team, for putting forth such noble efforts and being so successful,—The gals, for re-winning the drama trophy,—The Phi Delts, our brother frat,—The Sigman Nu's for being so loyal,—Charlotte, for being such a swell prexy,—Bebe, for leading the pledges into active membership so well,—Dominick for doing everybody's dirty work duties, and doing them well,—DOUBLE ORCHIDS to the Tildens, Wilma and Mary, for keeping the Kappa house in flowers, and the Kappa Kids full of oranges,—to Betty Mac for coming back to graduate.

FLASH!!!—Since this column began, Eleanor now wears a Lambda Chi pin!

SCALLIONS TO—All those people who go steady, because we never get to see anything of them, namely,—Butch

Back Row, Left to Right: Betty Scott, Betty Berdahl, Wilma Tilden, Pat Pritchard, Betty Mackemer, Charlotte Staut, Jenelle Wilhite, Betty Flowers, Mary Wright, Pat Van Schoiack, Ethel Macdonald, Jeanne Dominick. First Row: Eleanor Wynne, Mary Tilden, Bebe Wing, Nancy Pagan, "Bee" Little, Janie May Stokely, "Jackie" Miller, Pally Rushton, Jane Parks.





"Happy?"



Not too stout

and Esso, together from breakfast to closing hours,—Man-ny and Jackie, now completing their second year,—Hank and Nancy, who finally decided to make it official,—Chick and Jenelle, the most sophisticated two-some on campus,—All those people who go steady that are already mentioned,—Those people who have the blues all of the time because their steadies are off campus, namely, Pat Van, Dominick, Betty B, Charlotte,—Marge Branch for getting married on us,—Cathie for leaving us for such a long time, even if she did have pneumonia.

FLASH!!!—My goodness, Scotty and H. B. have just declared their steadiness!

SALLY'S IN OUR ALLEY—We wonder what would hap-

pen if our Polly didn't have some kind of trouble every week. Our guess is that her cuteness and sunny disposish saves her.—We are expecting Jane Parks to carry on with the Kappa traditions of the Drama and the Theatre!—Mary Wright certainly has the bright ideas, for the pink-elephants of the Kappa dance were her brain-children.—Janie May has certainly kept the Kappas amused and cheerful this year.

All in all, its just a group of mad Kappas, artists and actresses, and here's hoping that their temperament and talent will lead them all to a bright and successful future Well, cheerio! and a fond farewell to you all

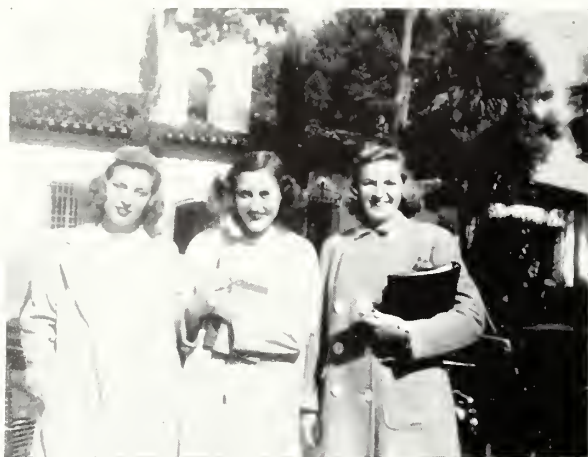
FLASH!!!—The ships at sea, just sunk!

"The Age of Innocence"



"Cheesecake"





Sun Brownd Natives

KAPPA ALPHA THETA

By VIRGINIA MORGAN

As our ship sails into the port of quaint old Rollins, we are greeted by the laughing and brownd faces of the natives, who try to sell us flowers from the near-by azaleas which bloom in profusion in the patio of the home of the Duchess Banzhaf whose pride and joy are her Thetas. Glorious as the sun, fanatical as the lune, and sly as Reynard, from Prexy Reinhold, whose gavel echoes every Monday night and whose war-torn room shudders every time she enters with the great packages of candy from "Whitman" Myers—to Betty Muirhead, lowest of pledges, discerner of blue at any distance, and constant reminder of the baby Ginger that her feet are wet and that she has been standing

in the rain for twenty minutes.

Re-entering the ancient and historical building we are smitten by the amazing sight of happy faces squabbling and swatting at the bridge table. These are the pledges who received so much publicity in the world's newspapers for giving Hitler, among others, the hot foot. To wit, Grace Gehron, she of the tinkling voice like a plug falling in a Salvation Army tambourine; Carole Robertson, owner of a thousand multi-striped dresses; Joan Lawes, who uncovered the murderer of the chapter's favorite spider which was poisoned with arsenic; Betz, the fourth at the bridge table, announced upon dropping two tennis rackets, a ping-pong



Typical Inhabitants



Flora and Fauna of the Area

ball, and a couple of old tin trophies that she won at the Apopka Lawn and Shuffle Board Tournament.

Leaving this modernistically beautiful room and these pre-historic countenances, we hasten to see more of this tropical paradise, and shoving three of the Varsity's and Mackie's boys into the Duchess's living room, we hasten to the second floor, where live the Inevitable Eleven—Thunderbolt Hall, as they jokingly call it, is the nucleus for the mighty force of Theta.

On our left, we see a doorway decorated with papier mache, valentines, birds, and flowers, and a note saying "Woke me up at eight." This is the room of Guillow and Jones, efficiency experts, who spend most of the day trying to see how much Janet's bedside table can hold. Across the hall are Peck and Peck's own Peggy McLean and Marshall Field's Ellen Grosse, who aren't home but are out looking for Miss Weber. June and Jimmy are tucked into the next rooms, but at present no one is home except "Snow-

ball," the baby ope. As the other doors are ominously closed, we go on until we hit upon Nancy Osborne and Koy Sounders earnestly discussing the fact that their hair is so long and glamorous but so tiresome, and that Beto Nu was never like this. Then more doors close and we fear this is all. But no—the click of heels, a rush of wind, and Kay Woodward dashes past—hastening to him without, who will rush her completely off her feet and whirlwind her to Varsity for a sody; and also to join Ann Ballinger who, having been late to another meeting for the same reason as usual, is in the dog-house. We go no further so we bail out of the Theta House, decide we have seen enough of quaint old Rollins and hail a passing canoe.

And as the sun sets in the west, we breathe deeply, gazing back at that lush land from which we have just departed so regretfully, but we pause a moment to leave behind us this thought:

"Quite!"

Standing, from Left to Right: "Sherry" Lawes, Grace Gehron, "Ginger" Cohrs, Betty Muirhead, Katherine Saunders, Betty Lanza. Sitting: Peggy McLean, Pat Guillow, "Ginny" Morgan, June Reinhold, Janet Jones, Ellen Gross. Front: Ann Ballinger, Kaye Woodward, Carole Robertson.





Back Row, Standing, Left to Right: Bob Blackwood, Grady Ray, Mickey Harmon, Mel Clanton, Jack Buckwalter, Jess Gregg, Eddie Waite, Phil Reed, Dave McCreery, Bud Waddell. Third Row, Seated, Left to Right: Fred Hall, Johnny Powell, Billy Middlebrooks, Don Riddle, Warren Siddall. Second Row, Seated, Left to Right: Gus Koulouris, Folke Sellman, Douglas Bills, Monroe Griffin, James McHugh, Red Harris, Paul Haley, Gordon Laughhead. First Row, Seated, Left to Right: Jimmy Niver, Lindsey de Guehery, Bill Terhune, Pete Boulton, Alden Manchester, Bower Corwin, Trammell Whittle, John Twachtman. Standing, Center, Left to Right: Quentin Bittle, Joe Knowles.

KAPPA ALPHA

FAMILY TREE

By JESS GREGG

Only God can make a tree, I've heard, but then who would want to make one, even if all its limbs resembled those of Miss Gypsy R. Lee? As far as I know, only dogs betray much interest in trees. But since this article is about trees, it doesn't flatter either you or me, does it, reader?

Of course I don't intend to give you any information whatsoever about the kind of tree that wears the same old nest

of robins in her hair, year in, year out. I allude to a Family Tree—and I'll try and tell you about it in a family way.

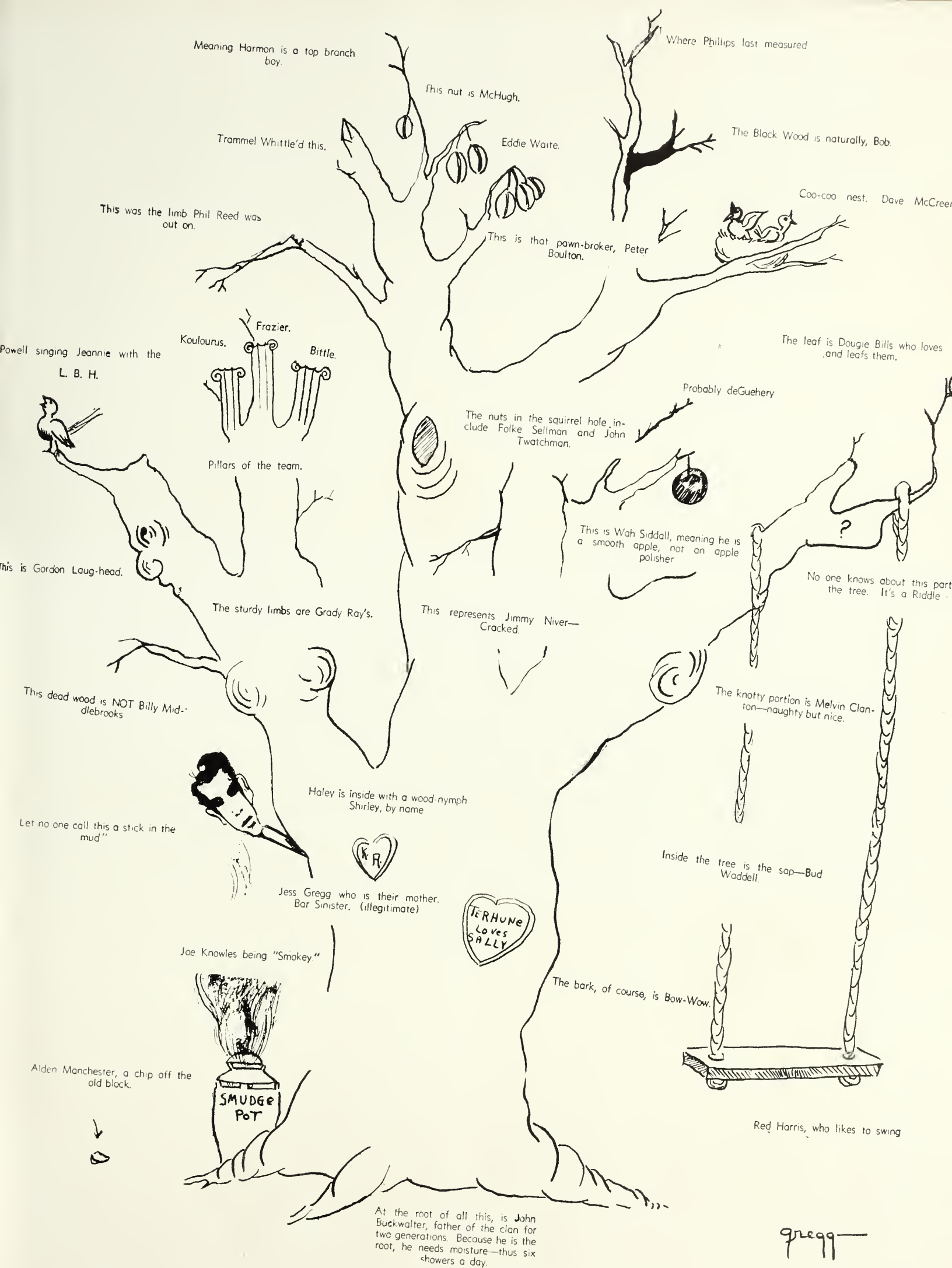
The tree on your right represents the Alpha Psi chapter of Kappa Alpha. And while this tree may be a Beech, it does not necessarily follow that anyone mentioned there is a son of a—oh well, let it go.

Gregg explains Sap-ling



Prexy and Ex-Prexy in conference





The Family Tree of Kappa Alpha Showing the Generations (and Degenerations) of this Clan



Boo!

GAMMA PHI BETA

AFRICA SPEAKS

By HELEN DARLING

And now, dear visitor, we come to the beautiful hall of Strong where live two rival tribes. We shall wend our way into the huts of the cliff dwellers, the beautiful maidens of Gamma Phi Beta. To you of civilized America their habits and lore may seem strange, but bear with them, for theirs is a fine old culture dating back many years in Rollins College.

It is early morning—we can see the sun rising out of the waters of the quiescent Virginia. Long before daylight we see a lone figure walk to the huts, pause outside Prexy Frannie's window, and whistle Bob-White in a low, throaty note. This is a sign to the neighboring tribe of Theta, but

worries not our Gamma Phis save one. The huts are dark, gloomy. The gentle voices of Big Bens—first a whisper, then a shout—echo and re-echo through the clay walls. But the dwellers in this oasis of beauty hear not—they have become accustomed to these voices which have called them down through the ages, and with a fine big gesture acquired only after years of practice, they fling the right arm outward, press the button on the offending machine and return to restless slumber. All except one—Chief Jumping Bean Turner—like a flash she is out of bed, wandering in among the other beds upstairs like Florence Nightingale, waking with a gentle shout of "Hey, you—aren't you going to Beanery?"

Hip Two Three!



The higher up the sweeter they grow.





Sweetmates



Cowhands



For chivalry in action

Whereat Joanne, the Long One, and Helen of the Wild Dreams race each other at clothing themselves with the native dress, skirt and sweater. Erika opens her eyes for a moment, shuts them quickly with a "Oh God, another day!" and goes back to sleep.

During the day the clan scatters, some to the Art Studio, others to the Lab. Theatre, still others to Lyman and the Chemistry Lab.

At noon we see on the horseshoe the students sitting in compact groups, tribally divided, and sure enough, here are our Gamma Phis, with their new initiates, Nancy Thurman, Marjorie Hansen, Toy Skinner, Sue Turner, Louise Sargent, and Terry Dean.

At ten-thirty in the evening, various members wonder

in, sign-in their names, and gather in the several huts.

Downstairs, Randy and Bert light up their pipes and settle down to a good game of poker on the floor in the hall with their hut-mates, Betty and Lou. At intervals they have a wrestle or two and play records of Bea Lillie, a humorist who speaks in their native tongue.

Upstairs Betty Lamb and Rita settle down to a long winter's nap; Frenchie and Jeanie put up their hair. In the adjacent hut the inmates wash their clothes on stones, hang them outdoors to dry on rudely hung ropes, and retire.

And now we leave this loyal tribe—the moon is high and we can see the white reflections on the patio of their lovely dwelling as we go out the door—let us hope we don't wake Mrs. Kennedy with the burglar alarm.

Standing, Left to Right: Joanne Oak, Jane Balch, Flora Harris, Rachel Harris, Marjorie Hansen, Nancy Thurman, Betty Lamb. Seated, Center, Left to right: Erika Heyder, Roberta Schlegel, Carolyn Lewis, Franny Montgomery, Eleanor Rand, Helen Darling. Seated, Front, Left to Right: Alma Vander Velde, Toy Skinner, Rita Costello, Sue Turner, Jean Turner.





Pledge Day Prizes

CHI OMEGA

THE CHI OMEGAS PRESENT

"A DAY WITH MABEL"

By SHIRLEY BOWSTEAD

A sunny Saturday afternoon I settled down in my room with a book of Elizabethan Sonnets (which with due consideration I should have known was an extremely foolish thing to do). No sooner than I could say "one day I wrote her name upon the strand," Randall came dashing in to get some more tape to patch the KA Rose, which was that moment puffing like a steam engine outside the window. She made so much commotion Carolyn dropped the telephone with Bristol, Tennessee, hanging on the end and proceeded to jitterbug out to the scene of the "accident."

The chugging soon died away and I resumed my reading, quite martyr-like. Presto, one of the Brooks twins slipped in through the keyhole carrying that bit of humanity known as the Chi O mascot. I can't remember whether it was Marian or Martha.

"Goochie and Norris are taking us down to the infirmary by way of Robbie's and we thought you would like to take care of Mabel." "It seems," she continued, "one of the Phi Deltas ventured out-of-doors at 8 o'clock this morning and, upon seeing the two of us, was carried off to the infirmary to recuperate."

The twins, it seemed, were going to the infirmary to make apologies to said Phi Delt, Gooch was going to talk herself into having the shoulder fixed that she threw out teaching the girls to La Conga; and Norris was just plain going mad, because she didn't think she could get her left-hand sparkler polished before Bill arrived from Gainesville. Without giving me a chance to voice my opinion in the matter (it

wasn't printable anyway), she left just as strangely as she had entered.

"An apparition," I concluded after several moments of meditation. But, no, there was the dog Mabel and OH! my golly, all over Wats' rug . . . she was tearing up our efficient Prexy's schedule for the day. Now Wats won't know whether she had a date with the dressmaker at 4 o'clock, a Pi Gamma Mu or a Pan-Hell meeting. I decided a lime coke was what I needed at this point and practically collided with Marian coming in to try my already shattered nerves.

"Has Bill called yet?" she sighed. "Now where did I put my knitting? You haven't seen my comb have you? Oh, here it is. Don't you have a date this aft, Bow? Oh, there he is now. Thanks for the info." I clung to Mabel and the door simultaneously as she breezed from the suite.

Summing up my reserve energy, I staggered into the patio and found sun-bathing was the order of the day as far as Shuttsy, Margo, and Hall were concerned. Their conversation was anything but intelligible.

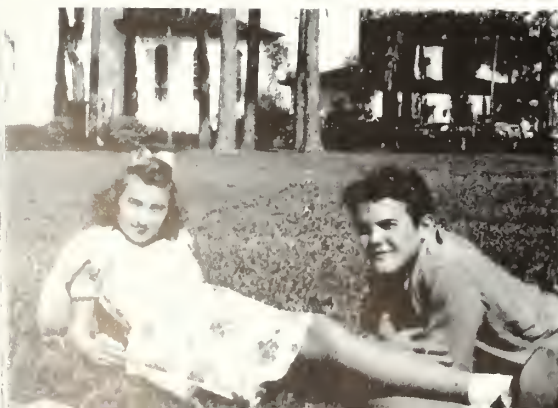
"I'm simply dying of hunger," moaned Shuttsy of the 20-inch waist.

This brought forth: "I wonder if we have any Spanish homework this week-end," from Hall, to which Margo grunted and turned over.

"Don't move, I want these pictures to turn out. That's wonderful. Say which one of you has my hair dryer? I want to wash my hair and I can't find it."

"Here it is, Toni," echoed Ann, our newlywed. "I bor-

"Legs" Cotton gets her man



That after lunch let-down



Wanna ride?





Sides and Top Row, Left to Right: Martha Brooks, Gloria Burke, Mary Katherine Shutts, Josephine Caruso, Carolyn Huntsman, Pat Randall, Gloria Goode, Jane Cotton, Marian Brooks. Second Row: Dorothy Robinson, Bebe Dabbs, Margot Lundgren, Toni Hearne. First Row: Marion Russ, Betty Ann Hubbard, Betty Watson, Shirley Bowstead, Betty Hall.

rowed it to spray the paint on a new choir I bought and gee, its keen." Margo arose just in time to catch her roommate as she fell.

At this time Dotty, who had been trying to gain some of that book knowledge I had abandoned, evidently reached a startling conclusion accompanied by desperate screams of "study, stuDY, STUDY." A rushing of feet, a jingling of brocelets, and the bang of the living room door disclosed Glorio and Mel and Cotton and Carl standing at the top of the steps. It sounds and looks like a Ziegfeld production as the four harmonize on "Did someone say steady?" We all ignore them, as Glorio and Cotton are dreadfully self-conscious about their accomplishments. Gloria never affirms the fact that she is high-scorer on the Varsity basketball team, and when Cotton is confronted with an inquiry into her A average, she blushinglly blames it on luck.

Betty Ann and Jo lozily walk in at this point and the ideo to leave Mabel with them occurs spontoneously (as if anything could at this point).

"We're just passing through on our way to Boch practice," Jo tells me.

"When Ah come back from South Carolina Ah would shore love to," drawls Betty Ann. At that Jo breaks into a

mature laugh, for her 5 feet, and runs away taking two steps at a time.

I've hit on it: Alice Jane shall ploy nursemaid this afternoon. Now let's see: she is either down at the art studio or asleep in her car. But Hall tells me with o gloating air that she hasn't yet recuperated fram initiation, and I would hove to go all the way to Orlando to find her anyway. That alter-native is out.

Why on earth didn't I think of this before? I can leave the mangy little cur in one of the girl's cars for o few minutes while I get my lime coke. Bebe's convertible was the only vehicle in sight, so I deposited "dear" little Mabel in the back seat. As I smugly walked away from the confusion of Strong, someone carals "Paul is on the phone for you, Bow."

"Isn't it exciting about Bebe?" Shuttsy asked me when I come out of the phone booth 20 minutes later.

"What are you talking about?" I moaned.

"Well, her family finolly consented to let her go to the Beto house parties ot Chopel Hill and she just left o minute ago."

Things are suddenly going black . . . Poor Mabel! . . . would someone please order me a TRIPPLE lime coke?



Back Row, Left to Right: Marge McQueen, Mary Trendle, Betty Tomlinson, Eugenie Van de Water, Lillian Ryan, Anne Searle, Janet Harrington. Front Row, Left to Right: Priscilla Willard, Virginia Meyer, Jean Heidrich, Phillippa Herman, Ellen Chadwick, Murray Baylor.

ALPHA PHI

By LILLIAN McDOWELL RYAN

The photographer had arrived quite a while ago to take our pictures. President Marjorie McQueen stood in the patio doorway and glanced anxiously at her watch. All the girls had been told to be gathered around the pool by 1:30—but where were they? Even the photographer was beginning to pace up and down the green tread. He had just focused his camera for the forty-eleventh time—"why can't girls of this generation learn to be prompt?" The same thought was running through the efficient mind of our president.

She knew John would be sitting patiently out front in her car waiting to drive her to class—she had many courses to complete this year in order to graduate in June—Being at the University of Minnesota last year hadn't helped her secure necessary Rollins credits. And her week-ends in Sarasota with Priscilla weren't helping!

Good! Eugenie Van de Water just walked in the patio door, with her dramatic walk, and her cheerful "Hello, fellows, guess what? I'm going to help Toy teach fencing this term—and all the pupils are Alpha Phis!" Genie was looking stunning as usual in her superbly tailored grey suit, rose-colored cardigan and pearls.

Look at those three innocent pledges sitting over there in the patio, freezing an innocent look on their faces "why, we've been here all the time. You can't possibly say we were late!" When Murray Baylor and her southern accent from Richmond, Meyers and her dramatic talent from Philadelphia, and Priscilla Willard and her knowledge of the classics and Latin from Sarasota are together, you can be certain they will be in mischief and giggling. But they are three of our most cherished possessions. Soon they will be actives, then all decorous meetings will cease.

Now five of us are together! Prexy Marjorie throws a worried glance toward the front door, and notices that Jean Heidrich and Dick have just driven up to Caroline Fox in her car. Being their third monthly anniversary of going steady, it seemed unfair to separate Dick's adoring glance and Jeannie in her pink suit and sky blue angora sweater.

Jeannie hurried down to the corner suite occupied by Philippa Herman and Lillian Ryan, only to find Ellen Chadwick and Lillian absorbed in a deep-seated discussion over their possibilities of performance in the next horse show. Not understanding why they couldn't decide which horse to ride in what class, Jeannie retreated to Phil's room to dis-



On Location



Fourteenth of February

cover the dramatic protegee raving over her prospective trip to attend Junior Week with George at Cornell. In spite of the excitement the trip held for her, conscientious Phil confessed she was worried over missing so many rehearsals.

On hearing Marjorie's "Girls, come out here!" the four girls hurried down the hall, only to find Anne Searle coming out of her room, all adither over the prospects of news of a concert she was to give at the Four Arts Society in Palm Beach in March, besides playing the piano over the radio and for numerous club programs during the remainder of the year.

Janet Harrington and Betty Tomlinson, upon hearing the commotion Anne was creating, silenced their conversation

concerning the latest skating stor and the honorary societies on campus, and suddenly remembered "Pictures at 1:30—we nearly forgot." Turning off her "vic," Janet entered her roommate's room, and Mary responded with a "be there in a minute." Mary, vice president and pledge trainer, finally tore her mind away from "her new pair of shoes, Dwight, debating, experimental psychology, mischievous pledges, and Marjorie's troubles," and hurriedly exited from her room, coyly entered the patio, lost but not least, erasing that "where can she be" look from Marjorie's face, to take her place among the group informally posed around the pool.

The photographer again focused his camera, looked up with a "Smile, please and watch the birdie."

Relaxing the hard way



Health is the first muse . . . The Arobs say that "Alloh does not count from life the doys spent in chase," thot is, those are thrown in. Plato thought "exercise would olmost cure a guilty conscience." Sydney Smith said: "You will never break down in speech on the day when you hove wolked twelve miles."

—EMERSON, Letters and Social Aims, Inspirotion.

Students will glodly do anything if they can toke part octively, but they are not so onxious to listen passively to other people doing things.

—HAMILTON HOLT.



You and Play





Varsity Squad—Standing, Left to Right: Buddy Bryson, Doyle Darnold, Chappy Lawton, Billy Middlebrooks, Eddie Waite, Shorty Phillips, June Lingerfelt, Curry Brady. Sitting, Left to Right: Bob Davis, Clyde Jones, Dick Curry, Sammy Hardman, Paul Meredith, Earl Brankert, Lou Bethea, Grady Ray. Sitting on Ground, Left to Right: John Giantonio, Joe Knowles, Frank Grundler, Bill Justice, Tommy Knight, Mel Clanton, Manager Frank Barber.

THE TARS SCORE

By TED PITMAN

Labor Day in Asheville, North Carolina, saw 23 stalwart young men reporting to Coach Jack McDowall for the initial football practice of 1940. Faced with one of their toughest schedules in years the Tars were set for stiff workouts from the start.

It was a veteran team that took to the field with nine first string seniors. Only the loss of Joe Justice, Willie Daughtery, Don Ogilvie, Buck Johnson and Paul Bonton being felt by the small but experienced Rollins squad.

In the cool mountain air and under the eagle eyes of Coaches McDowall and Waite the Tars fast rounded into shape for the initial game with Western Carolina Teachers' College.

The 53 to 0 shellacking that the Tars administered to the Teachers served notice on their rivals of the great things later to come from the McDowallmen. This game developed

quickly into a track meet with practically every Tar back sharing in the scoring.

The next game which came a week later saw the Blue and Gold suffer their first and only defeat of the season. Davidson was too tough a team for the Tars to meet so early in the season but the Floridians put up a mighty struggle before bowing 19 to 7.

This game was one of the most thrilling of the entire season as in the first five minutes both teams had scored seven points. Davidson had received the ball on the kick-off and had marched steadily down the field to pay dirt. The Tars had then countered in three wild raze-daze plays to even it up but the power of the Davidson team proved too much and they pushed over two more touchdowns in the final quarter.

The Tars redeemed themselves against Presbyterian the



No 1 Hardman, No 9 Giantonio, No 16 Knowles. Results: Rollins 39 Tampa 0.



McDowell explains some basic principles to his star lettermen during early fall practice at Asheville, N. C.

fallowing week when scooting Sammy Hardman and his cohorts smathered their favored appanent 20 ta 7.

Then bags were packed and the Tars headed South ta their hame grounds where they were ta meet a powerful Stetsan team at DeLand.

This was a free scaring game with the Tars coming out on top 25 ta 12. It was anybody's game fram the apening kickoff but again Hardman and that never-failing pass catcher, Lingerfelt, proved too much far the Hatters.

A much improved Tampa team was next on the schedule but what the fans saw at Tinker Field wasn't much in the way af a faatball game as the Tars pounced on Tampa and before the Spartans could recaver they had been smath-ered 39 ta 0. Lingerfelt again was superb and his pass catch- ing proved the early Spartan downfall.

A highly touted bunch af mountaineers journeyed to Or-

lando in the farm af Appalachian Colleege but, "the bigger they are the harder they fall," proved true and the big bays fram the hills were bounced about ta the tune af 30 ta 0.

The highlight af the season came when Rollins packed up en masse and trekked ta the shores af Biscayne Bay, where the Tars gained sweet revenge far twa years af tough breaks when they white-washed the powerful Miami Hurri- canes 7 ta 0. In doing this they were the only team that held the Hurricanes scareless this year.

Again June Lingerfelt proved the deciding factar bath in catching the winning pass and calling the signals with un- canny skill fram his pasition at end.

The triumphant Tars next journeyed ta Tampa far a return engagement with the Spartans. Over-confidence nearly proved costly as the Spartans jumped into an early

Freshman Squad—Back Row, Left ta Right: Ralph Sessions, Trammell Whittle, Freddie Caldwell, Ralph Chisholm, Ira Yopp. Second Row, Left ta Right: James Bialock, Gus Koulouris, John Harris, Bob Steinfeldt, Ed Morris. Front Row, Left ta Right: Ronald Green, Bill Wharton, Ed Acree, Dave Frazier, Monroe Griffin, Sammy Pugh.





Tackle Clanton receives honorable mention on Little All-American.



Trainer "Red" Miller is also the number one adhesive plasterer for the Philadelphia Phillies.

lead and held the heavy favored Tars to a 7 to 7 tie at the half.

Coming out after the half the Rollins team was a new outfit which Tampa soon found out as Bethea and Janes tore gaping holes in the Spartan line and the game ended in another Tar victory 20 to 7.

The final game of the season against Stetson in Orlando saw two big prizes at stake for the Tars. The first, the SIAA championship and the second, the State Championship.

The Tars came out on the field an inspired and determined team. Nine seniors playing their last game for the Blue and Gold wanted those championships. The result: Rollins won 34 to 0! The worst licking Rollins has ever given Stetson!

The total results of this most successful season were:

Eight wins to one loss.

Rollins' first Little All-American in six-foot, 175 pound senior end, June Lingerfelt, who had the uncanny knack of catching touchdown passes in each game as well as being the signal caller from his end post.

Rollins received honorable mention on the Little All-American for its stella 190 pound, six-foot three-inch tackle Mel Clanton.

For the first time in its football history Rollins led 31 other colleges in the SIAA to walk off with that coveted championship!

The 1940 McDowellmen also lay claim to the State Championship as they were undefeated in State competition and Florida still refused to play this tough little aggregation that we so proudly boast of down here.

Summing up all these achievements it is a certainty that

Curry Brady, End

Clyde Jones, Back

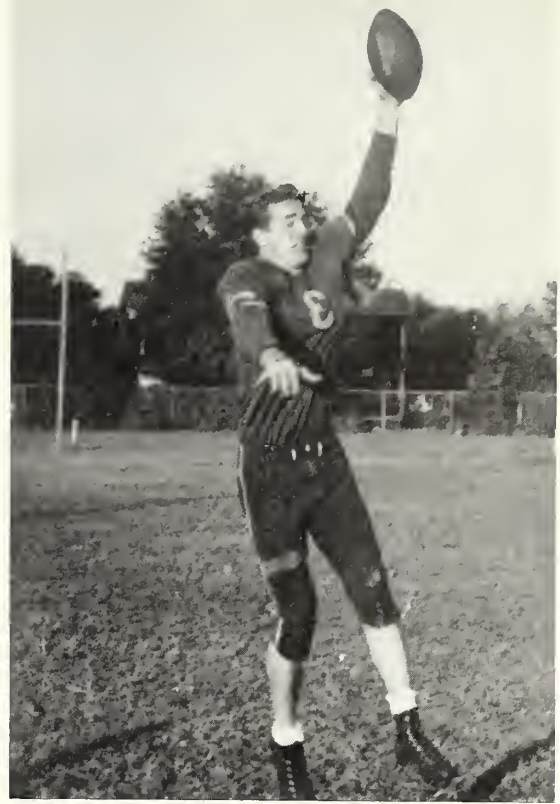
Leu Bethea and Earl Brankert, Backs

Joe Knowles, End





Line Coach Alex Waite and Head Coach Jack McDowall look on as the boys beat themselves to a pulp.



"Rollins' first Little All-American"

June Lingerfelt and the other men on the 1940 Rollins' team will long be remembered in the minds of Rollins and Florida sport fans as one of the most colorful teams the state has known.

Nine seniors bowed out of Rollins in a blaze of glory. Undefeated in their freshman year they never tasted defeat at the hands of Stetson and their absence is going to be felt next year for End June Lingerfelt, End Joe Knowles, Back Clyde Jones, Back Sam Hardman, Back Lou Bethea, Ends Curry Brady and Carl Sedlmayr, Tackle Mel Clanton and Center John Giantonio are as fine an aggregation of football players as any college could boast and their places are going to be hard to fill.

However the outlook is not as dark as it might be as Rollins had a powerful freshman team this year. The Tarlettes opened their season by defeating a powerful Stetson team 13 to 8 in a bloody contest.

A Miami freshman team that was reputed to be one of the best in Hurricane history was slaughtered by the baby Tars 25 to 7 with the Tarlettes sensation back, Quentin Bittle, running wild and reminding us of the days of "Jumping Joe" Justice.

The Tampa frosh were the next to feel the power of the Rollins first year men as one of the most powerful Spartan frosh team in recent years was defeated 13 to 7.

Over-confidence proved the deciding factor in the only defeat of the freshmen at the hands of the Baby Hatters. The powerful Stetson team took the measure of the Rollins team 9 to 0.

With the largest squad in Rollins history reporting for Winter practice the outlook for next year is not too bad but what the 1941 Rollins team has in numbers it lacks in experience. Rollins is in for a year of building but they are still going to be a tough outfit for any team to meet.

Chappy Lawton, Tackle

John Giantonio, Center

Lou Bethea, Back

Sammy Hardman, Back





Crew in foreground—Richmond Crew in background—Rollins.



The Varsity makes turbulent Matland's waters.

STIFFEST SCHEDULE IN CREW HISTORY

The stiffest and largest schedule in Rollins' crew history faced the twenty-two varsity candidates that reported to Coach U. T. Bradley on the opening day of crew practice.

Eight veterans from last year's two varsity boats met the call "ta aars" but the crew squad was soon to lose the services of one of these men, Dick Yard, when the stroke of the Jayvee crew had to go under the knife for appendicitis.

For its first race, with the University of Richmond, the Tars had seven lettermen in the boat with only Bud Waddell, the bow man, a newcomer to varsity rowing.

Led and stroked by Mel Clanton, 195 pound veteran of three years, the Tars jumped into an early lead over their Virginian rivals and although the Richmond crew gained a little at the halfway marker the Rollins boys gained sweet revenge for last year's defeat by winning in a decisive manner by almost two lengths.

Springfield College from Massachusetts, who is a newcomer to the Rollins list of competitors, was next on the race card.

Shaving signs of Rollins' undefeated crew of two years ago the Blue and Gold oarsmen of the 1941 crew once again flashed themselves before a large gallery in championship

style as they powered their way to a two length victory over the Gymnasts.

Again Captain Clanton got his boat off to an early length lead and lowering his stroke to a long and beautiful 32 held his lead until the last quarter of the course when he raised the stroke in a driving finish which added almost another length onto the Tars margin of victory.

The most inexperienced Jayvee boat that Rollins has had since the initial one of four years ago started off its season with a victory over an almost equally inexperienced crew from Washington and Lee University.

With not a single veteran in the boat the Jayvees had a very tough job ahead of them. Bob Mathews stroked his crew to an early lead at the start which they held to the halfway mark where it was increased to two lengths when the visitors caught two crabs in rapid succession. From then on it was the Jayvee's race but at the end they added almost another length on to their lead as their unconditioned opponents tired noticeably.

At this writing the varsity has four tough races ahead of them. Their race against American International College should be a toss up. The Jayvees also race the second



Varsity—Left to Right. Mel Clanton, Grady Ray, Micky Harman, Frank Grundler, Carraw Talsan, Carl Sedlmayr, Bob Mathews, Bud Waddell. Sitting: Coach U. T. Bradley, Bobby Royall, Nyn Bond.

crew of A. I. C. and unless they improve greatly before April 17, when these two races are scheduled, they will be a decided underdog.

On May 10 the powerful and experienced Orleans Rowing Club, twice victors over Rollins at the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, will race the Tars for the first time over the local Lake Maitland course and the Tars are hoping to gain revenge on their home waters.

On their way to the annual Dad Vail Regatta the Tars stop off at Washington, D. C., where for the first time they have scheduled a race with Georgetown University on May 13.

Four days later the Tars enter the Dad Vail Regatta at Marietta, Ohio. This is the "Paughkeepsie" of small college rowing and if the Tars survive the balance of their

schedule without a single defeat they should stand a very good chance of pulling an upset in this national event.

As this article goes to press the batings of the two crews are still being changed, but Coach Bradley released these batings as the official, although possibly temporary ones.

Varsity: Stroke, Captain Mel Clanton; No. 7, Grady Ray; No. 6, Micky Harmon; No. 5, Frank Grundler; No. 4, Carraw Talsan; No. 3, Carl Sedlmayr; No. 2, Bob Mathews; bow, Bud Waddell; coxswain, Bobby Royall.

Junior Varsity: Stroke, Hank Minar; No. 7, Nyn Bond; No. 6, Bill Justice; No. 5, Everett Farnsworth; No. 4, Gardan Laughead; No. 3, Doyle Donald; No. 2, Bower Carwin; bow, Frank de Guehery; coxswain, Paul Haley; spare, Ralph Haagad, and manager Al Roosevelt, rounds out the squad.—T.P.

The Launching.



Brad nurses one of his "Babies"





Coach Apgar who provided Rollins with one of the best tennis teams in the country.

THE TENNIS WORLD WATCHES THIS TEAM

Last year you wouldn't have noticed this department but this year it is different. Rollins has a nationally famous tennis team that is studded with high ranking stars.

Out of almost ink-like obscurity to a team of national importance is the amazing feat accomplished by Rollins' new tennis coach Gordon Apgar. Seeing the opportunities that Rollins could offer to the tennis player, Apgar set out on his own hook last summer to do some selling to tennis players of Rollins and its tennis possibilities. The result is that Rollins boasts the greatest collection of tennis aces that has ever represented any college.

Heading the list is one half of the 1940 National Doubles Championship team in the person of 19-year-old Jack Kramer who is also seeded No. 6 in the U. S.

Right behind Jack is Pauline "Bobbie" Betz the third ranking woman and National Women's Indoor Singles and

Doubles Champion. Teamed with the stunning Betz is Rollins' other attractive female star, Dorothy May Bundy who is nationally ranked in the next slot to Bobbie and who shares the indoor doubles crown with her.

The sensation player of the winter circuit in Florida and the holder of the Canadian singles crown in 1939 is the number two player on the Rollins squad. He is the "Mighty Atom" of tennis, Eddie Alloo.

Rounding out the name players on the Rollins team is Ed Amark, a class A player, who teamed with Frank Kovacs to become the No. 8 doubles team of the country.

Last, but certainly not least, is Bob Davis who has captained the Tar tennis teams for the past two years. Bob has improved tremendously and has been pairing with Alloo to make a superb doubles team.

Dorothy Bundy

Eddie Alloo

Bob Davis





Ed Amark



Jack Kramer



Bobbie Betz

It is little wonder, then, that as this goes to press the Tor tennis team for the first time in its history is boasting of an undefeated record.

The Tars opened their season against a touring team from the University of Colorado. The Tars minus their No. 1 man whitewashed the Westerners, 6 matches to 0.

The next team to meet up with the dynamite laden bats of the Rollins team was the University of Georgia who managed to win one match while losing five.

Furman University played here next and Rollins added another singles match to the schedule and again Rollins blanked its opponent this time 7 to 0.

Guilford College, the Georgia State Chomps were next on the list but they fared no better than Furman as they also lost by a score of 7 to 0.

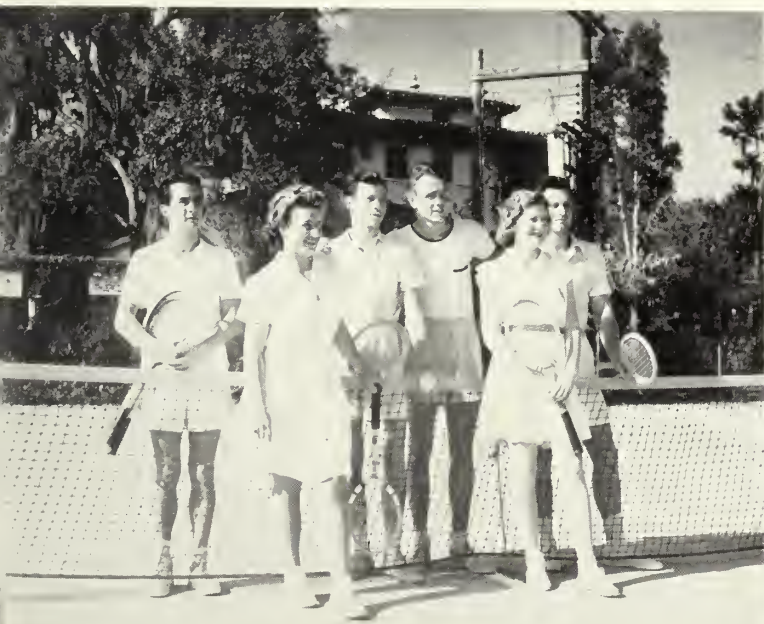
The game with Davidson was rained out and the next match on the list was with the highly touted and evenly

balanced University of Miami tennis team. Miami had been undefeated for two years but on that day Rollins had the services for the first time of its number one player, "Joke" Kramer, and Rollins scored its first tennis victory over an undefeated and proud Miami 5 matches to 1. Only in the doubles were the star players of the Rollins team taxed to the utmost to win.

The matches left to play as this goes to press are with Stetson University on April 26, Emory and Henry on April 29, Stetson again on May 7 and a return match with the University of Miami on May 10. There is also a possibility that more matches will be added at a later date.

Next year with all except Davis returning the Tars have scheduled matches with all the big Eastern colleges such as Harvard, Princeton, etc., and with the very good chance that Rollins will boast the National women's champion next year, Rollins tennis looks as if it was on top to stay for some time to come.—T. P.

Left to Right: Ed Allco, Dorothy Bundy, Ed Amark, Jack Kramer, Bobbie Betz, Bob Davis.



Amark and Kramer fail to pass Bobbie Betz as Allco awaits the next one.



TOUGH SEASON FOR THE BASKETEERS

A tough and heartbreaking season was in front of the dozen or more candidates that reported to Coach Thurston Adams for Rollins' third official basketball season, the last two weeks in December.

Handicapped by the unavoidable absence of their coach, the first part of the season, the Tar basketeers never were able to fully hit their stride, although towards the end of the season they began to click and win games.

The first half of the season saw the Tars lose all seven of their games but finding their stride in the last half the Rollins boys collected four wins to three losses which gave them the season's total of four wins to ten losses.

The opening game of the season was against the crack team, from the Pensacola Naval Air Base which was made up entirely of former college basketball stars. The Rollins team fought doggedly but they were no match for the big guns of the Navy boys who sunk the Tars by a score of 51 to 23.

The Hurricanes from Miami blew into town the following week and whipped the Tars around like so much chard emerging from the storm with a 55 to 29 victory under their belts, which victory they repeated the following night, but this time the Tars let them know that they had been in a game as Rollins got its most points to date in a game, 41, while Miami was collecting 57.

The wearers of the Blue and Gold then journeyed to Southern College where they took a terrific pasting. The Tars were held to a mere 12 points while Southern collected 31.

The Hatters from Stetson were next and they took the Tars over the bumps to the tune of 48 to 32. A snappy smart ball handling club from little Union College was the next team to chalk up a victory against the victory starved Tars by a score of 45 to 23. A return match with Miami saw the Hurricanes score a repeat 44 to 35.

The Orlando gym was the site of Rollins' first victory and Southern College up for a return match was the victim of the Tars latent power. Sparked by their towering center, Tiny Phillips, who scored eight field goals and two free throws, Rollins raced to a 41 to 30 win.

In an exhibition game the American Building and Loan Co., from Orlando, gave the Tars a drubbing by a 58 to 17 score.

St. Petersburg Junior College gave the Tars their second victory of the season. In this game it was Phillips and Tolson whose efforts combined to put the Tars back in the win column.

Another exhibition game with the All-Stars from the city league teams of Orlando saw Phillips and company come through again for the Tars 41 to 15.

Clyde Jones and Bob Whiston led the Tars on their biggest scoring spree at the expense, again, of St. Pete. Junior College. The Rollins team amassed 58 points to their opponents' 24.

The University of Florida put the Rollins back on the red side of the ledger by collecting 65 points while the Tars could only get 35.

The Tars followed this defeat closely by another one at the hands of a powerful and fast breaking Wofford College

June Lingerfelt

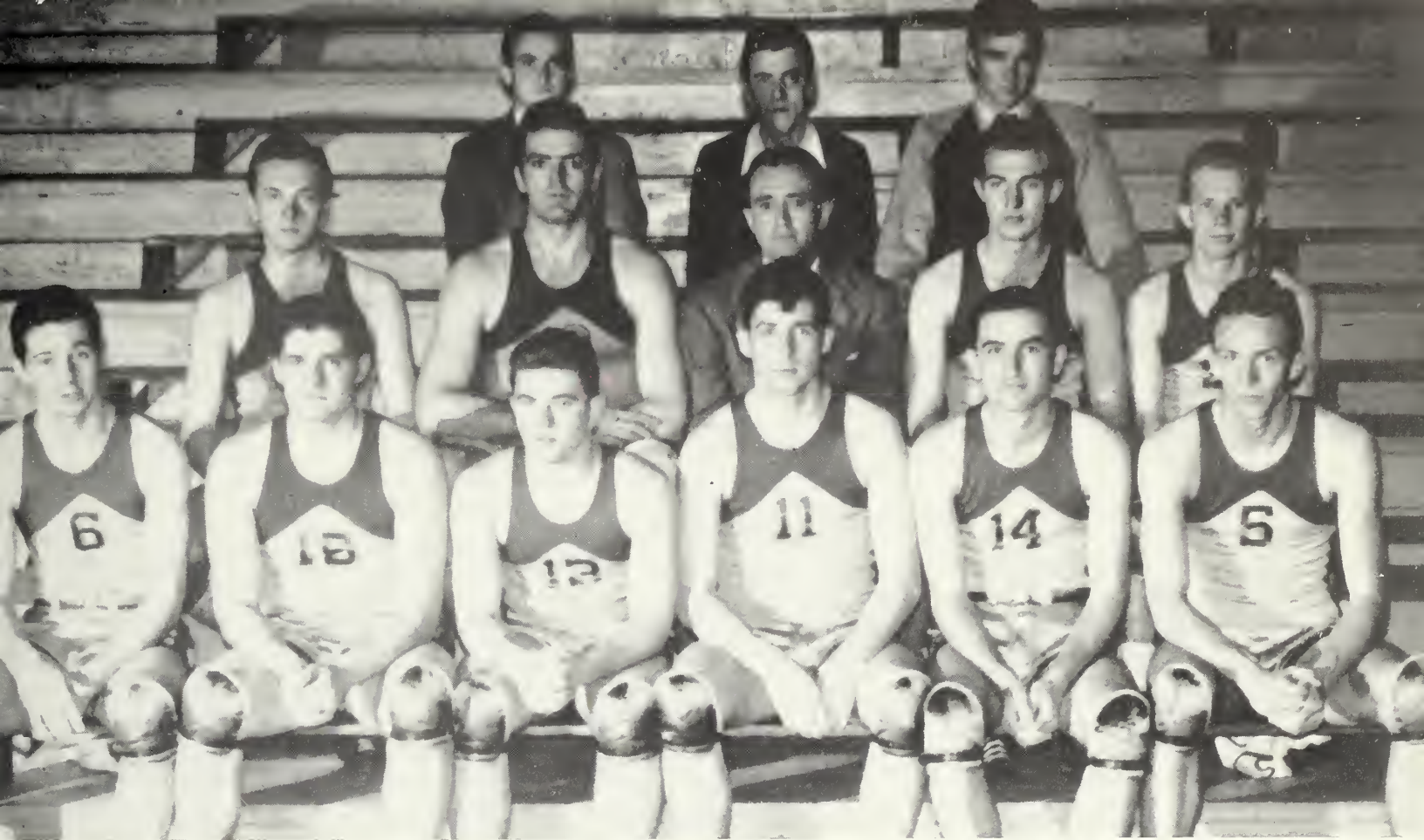


Clyde Jones



Rodda and Kramer fight for it.





Varsity Squad—Back Row, Left to Right: Managers Harrison Barnes, Frank Barber, Pete Schoonmaker. Second Row, Left to Right: Bob Whiston, Shorty Phillips, Coach "Doc" Adams, June Lingerfelt, Harold Wellman. Front Row, Left to Right: Dick Rodda, Jack Myers, Jay Leslie, Clyde Jones, Charlie Arnold, Carrow Tolson.

team who took the Tars to count 71 to 45. Stetson returned to give the Tars another trimming 58 to 30, and little Blue Ridge followed suit by setting back Rollins 37 to 31 in one of the tightest games of the season.

Rollins ended its season by playing another Service team. This time it was an Army team from the Orlando Air Base and the aim of the army gunners took stock of the Tars 56 to 28 to end Rollins' hard luck basketball season.

The prospects for next year however are bright as the Tars have four returning lettermen in Phillips, Whiston Tolson and Myers but the loss of Jones, Lingerfelt, Rodda and Arnold will hurt. Smiley Wellman who played with the squad should be eligible for SIAA games next year and there were several very promising players in the freshman class. Harrison Barnes received a varsity letter for being the team manager.—T. P.

Visiting tennis stars (Kramer just back of ball) give our boys a bit of trouble.



Dick Rodda





This fellow McDowall never worries.

McDOWALL STARTS SEASON WITH NEW NINE

The 1941 Rollins baseball season was not a highly successful one, yet it could not be called a failure. With the backbone of the 1940 state championship team missing by graduation, Coach Jack McDowall faced a hard season on the diamond.

The quest for a competent pitching staff dwindled to one man when southpaw George Eastes withdrew from school. Eastes was counted on to team with another veteran, Sammy Hardman, to balance the small group of inexperienced hurlers reporting for practice. Faced by this mound problem, Coach McDowall switched Clyde Jones from his shortstop position, and along with Jay Thompson, a freshman righthander, both showed much promise in several games. In the end what the coaches had feared would be the weakest position, proved to be the strongest for during the entire schedule the moundsmen pitched good, steady ball.

The infield, for the most part, was composed entirely of

freshman players. Senior Manny Brankert held down the initial sack until mid-season when frosh Freddie Caldwell moved up to fill the position. At second base Ira Yopp filled the gap left by the graduation of Joe Justice, one of Rollin's best players. Earl Tyler competently filled the shoes of Jones at shortstop. At third base Sam Pugh and Emmett Gaulding alternated in the lineup. At the close of the season the infield was composed entirely of freshmen with Caldwell on first, Yopp on second, Tyler on short, and Pugh on third, giving evidence of comprising a smooth working infield for the next three years.

The outfield presented three experienced players: Smiley Wellman, Buddy Bryson, and pitcher-outfielder Hardman. This group was further strengthened by the addition of two hard hitting freshman players in James Blalock and Herbert Cox.

The catching duties were capably taken care of by veteran June Lingerfelt and his understudy, Mervin Thal.

Sanford noses out the Tars with the help of former players of Rollins



Never ending batting practice





Varsity Squad—Back Row, Left to Right Harold Wellman, Quentin Bittle, Red Harris, Bob Steinfeldt, Clyde Jones, Tommy Knight, Jay Thompson, June Lingerfelt, Manny Brankert, Sammy Hardman, Freddie Caldwell, Manager Bob McFall. Front Row: Harvard Cox, Bill Wharton, Bud Bryson, Jim Blalock, Ira Yopp, Eddie Weinberg, Emmett Gaulding, Mervin Thal, Sammy Pugh.

In the first inter-collegiate series of the season, the Tars dropped the first game to the University of Alabama by a score of 3 to 1. The following day Rollins came back to hold this classy nine to a 14 inning 3 to 3 tie.

In the second series Rollins was subdued by the University of Florida by a score of 15 to 2. The second game of this series was postponed because of rain.

The following week the Tars encountered Newberry College. After battling hard the Tars dropped the first game 5 to 3. The second game was also lost 5 to 0, as the Newberry hurler held Rollins to two hits.

For the next series, Rollins journeyed to Jacksonville for its first out of town games. With the help of Air Base errors the Tars emerged victorious for the first time this

season by a score of 5 to 0. Unleashing a heavy hitting attack Rollins took the second game 14 to 7 to complete the series.

Encountering their arch rivals, the University of Tampa, Rollins dropped two hard fought games to the Spartans by scores of 3 to 1 and 8 to 3. Hardman and Jones pitched brilliant ball but errors caused their downfall.

The final series with Tampa and Florida had not been played when this article went to press.

The team showed steady improvement and promised well for the 1942 season. Coach McDowall will lose only four men by graduation: pitchers Hardman and Jones, catcher Lingerfelt, and first-baseman Brankert receiving their sheepskins.—I. Y.

You call it.





Varsity Squad--Left to Right: Cecil Butt (Letter), Eddie Waite (Letter), Reedy Talton (Numeral), Ken Scudder (Letter), L. V. Moore (Numeral), John Twachtman (Numeral), Dick Krall (Numeral), Hank Swan (Numeral), Coach Fleet Peeples. Missing from picture: John Harris, Paul Harris, Ronald Green (Numeral), Paul Haley (Manager's Letter), Gene Sturchio (Numeral).



A perfect six-point landing.

AN AUSPICIOUS SWIMMING SEASON

In spite of several disappointments, the year was an auspicious one for the swimming team. There was the long planned trip "abroad" to the Florida Junior Men's Championships held in Nassau. Eddie Waite and Bower Corwin drew state wide recognition by winning the 220-yard breaststroke and the 110-yard backstroke respectively. Waite broke both the Junior and Senior AAU records, but because of a technicality of the pool it is possible that neither will be credited to him.

The enrollment of John and Paul Harris in the spring term presented to Rollins the first opportunity in years to build a powerful squad. These two men swimming together as a team took second place in the Championships at Nassau. John Harris won the high point cup and took firsts in the 110, 220, and 440 free style events. Paul took second in the backstroke and fourth in the diving.

The schedule for this year was drastically shattered when both the University of Miami and Clemson were forced to cancel their meets with Rollins. This left only two inter-

collegiate meets for the year, both with Stetson. Manager Paul Haley indicates that things will be much different next year. Plans are being made for another trip to Nassau and also a tour through Georgia, North and South Carolina. Meets will be scheduled, if at all possible, with every Florida college team, including the omnipotent Florida 'Gators who have not lost a swimming meet in close to ten years.

Kenneth Scudder, Eddie Waite, and Cecil Butt were the only members from last year's squad. Jay Leslie and L. V. Moore were the sophomores out for the team. The others, Ronald Green, Henry Swan, Dick Krall, Gene Sturchio, Reedy Talton, and John Twachtman were freshmen. Percy Hubbard, although ineligible for competition this year, trained with the team. Percy was on the freshman team at Dartmouth last year. Coach Fleetwood Peeples is decidedly optimistic for next year. We feel he has reason to be with such a strong aggregation returning next fall.—C. B.

Scudder crawls



Waite takes off with the next stroke



Mr. Butt backs up





Pete Schoonmaker



Coach Fred Ward shows Bill House how 'tis done



Pete Crawford swings and says "X\$!G\$X"

ELEVEN MEETS KEEP GOLFERS BUSY

A stiff schedule of eleven meets kept the golfers extremely busy this spring. Following the good old Rollins tradition of originality, Coach Fred Ward arranged a triangular meet on April 7 between Rollins, St. Petersburg Junior College, and the University of Miami. As far as can be ascertained this is the first three-way intercollegiate golf meet on record. Rollins, however, did not win over either team, losing to Miami 14-4, and to St. Petersburg, 12½-5½.

Positions on the team are won in open tournament and any student eligible for athletics under the SIAA rules may challenge the last man on the team. Robert Whiston was number one man this year. He was followed in order by Peter Schoonmaker, Peter Crawford, and Bill House. Dick Wesson was manager and played when a six man team was needed. Bob Davis played for Rollins in the Rollins-Duke meet.

The season started badly March 27 when the powerful aggregation from Duke swamped the Tars 26-1. Duke is rated one of the best college teams in the South. Davidson

College dashed Rollins' hopes March 31st, 14½-3½. Bob Whiston was the sole Rollins player able to collect individual points. Whiston made 2½ out of a possible 3 total.

The Tars finally hit their stride April 2 against Mississippi College from Clinton, Mississippi, 15½-2½. D. C. Simmons of Mississippi tied with Whiston and Bill House for low score. All three had 79.

In the three-way Rollins-St. Petersburg-Miami meet Pete Crawford was high point winner for Rollins, accounting for a total of 4½ out of a possible six points individually and teaming with Bill House for four out of six points best-ball score.

These matches and also matches with the University of Pennsylvania on April 17, the University of Florida on April 19, and Stetson University on May 17 were played at the Dubsdread Country Club. The team also played return matches with Florida, Miami, St. Petersburg, and Stetson. The return matches necessitated trips to Gainesville, Miami, St. Petersburg, and DeLand.—C. B.

We feel sure Whiston is needed for National Defense.

"First three-way intercollegiate golf meet on record" St. Pete and Miami in back, Rollins in front





The Phi Delts nose out the Lambda Chi crew.



Tear off the cover of the Tomokan, send it in, and we will tell you if he hit this or

A CLOSE BATTLE FOR TOP INTRAMURAL HONORS

No country has more athletically minded boys than the United States, but, unfortunately, we can't all be good enough for the varsity, so Rollins, in order to give those boys a chance, has an intramural competition in the various American sports. Each fraternity along with the Independents enter a team in the various sports, the grand winner of which gains the Gary Cup for the next year. Last year, the X Club, by the barest of margins gained possession of the cup.

Like last year the race has been close this year, with the X Club, Phi Delta Theta, and Lambda Chi Alpha all in there fighting, with the diamondball, still to be played at the time this article was written, to be the deciding factor.

Early in the fall, the Lambda Chis continue their undis-

puted hold on the touch football crown by again going through the season undefeated, with the Club finishing second. With the scoring threats of Kelly and Weinberg, the champions encountered little difficulty in winning ten straight games, topping off the season with a hard fought victory over the All-Stars.

The Lambda Chis continued their winning ways by coping the swimming title, going an easy victory over the Koppo Alphas.

From then on, except for the crew, it was either the X Club or the Phi Delts on top.

The Phi Delts tore through the basketball season undefeated, in a competition which greatly resembled the just recently finished touch football. Although they were held to some close scores, there was no doubt from the begin-

That ball is mighty heavy.



These ugly looking monsters, i.e., the Lambda Chis, are the champions again in the football tussle.





ing on Lake Ivanhoe has been added to the ever expanding intramural program



The Lambda Chis score against the All-Stars.

ning os to which team would goin the crown. The Club took second place in o photofinish.

Although officiilly called trock, the next competition was reolly only field events. The Phi Delts were the victors by a scont two points over the X Club, who were, in turn, one point in front of the Lambda Chis. A special note of sportsman-ship should be noted here. Although the Gory Cup outcome could have as well been at stake, Fred Kosten, Lombda Chi pole vaulter, took time out between jumps to show his op-ponents just how it should be done and even ot that, he prolonged the outcome, because his nearest opponent did gain a lot of knowledge from Fred's instructions. Our hats off to Fred for his sportsmanship.

Even without their stellar national rated tennis stars, the X Club mode o sweep of the tennis tournament, when Bill Chick defeated Bill Royal to take the singles and then teamed with Tod Cist to shore the doubles title. The Lambdo Chis were second.

Golf was next with the result being a tie between the

X Club and Phi Delts, the Phi Delts scoring low team honors in the quolifying round, although, Jack Meyers of the Club was medalist. Agoin, Bill Chick won an individul title by winning the golf crown.

In riflery, Sismo Phi Omega, who rarely enters teams in any of the sports sprang o surprise by taking the team title, although Tad Cist won the individual title.

In crew, after the K. A.'s and Phi Delts were tied ot the end of the regulotion season, the K. A.'s took the race-off to retain the chompionship they had goined last year. The victors were the best crew, losing to the Phi Delts in their first meeting because one of their men caught o crab.

In volleyball, the X Club went through undefeated. The Club had little difficulty in winning, because they played the game as it should be, by babying the ball up to their front men, who promptly put it out of their opponents' reoch.

Now with the X Club and the Phi Delts almost fractions of points apart, it is up to diamondball with the two leaders due to bottle it out until the last game.—J. L.

arlle of Sigma Nu takes a mighty swing and—well look at the catcher's glove



Champ Chick (tennis and golf) gives the editor his autograph



WIDE VARIETY OF SPORTS OFFERED THE CO-EDS



Champion Bowstead

RECOGNITION

Here in the land of sunshine where nationally known athletes come to keep in trim all winter, fifty-five per cent of the co-ed population also were active at some point in the intramurals during 1940-41. For recognition of participation a new individual point rating system was worked out with the sanction of the "R" Club and Intramural Board. The innovation gives credit for effort that was disregarded in

the ordinary choice of honorary varsities. Complete individual records were compiled before the end of the year and the practical value of the idea will not be widely felt until next year.

COMPLICATION

Competitive expansion beyond intramurals caused difficult problems of policy. Since not enough of it occurred to

"R" Club: Dot Hugli, Betty Mackemer, Miss Weber, Alice Henry.



Fleet Peebles and his aquacade



warrant exclusion of participants from intramurals, eligibility had no limits placed on it, otherwise real talent may have been penalized. Where such mixture and duplication will lead may be evolved during the next few years.

INTRAMURALS

With less than two months of school left only three intramural sports have been completed. During fall term the Gamma Phi crew captured the crew cup in its second year of circulation by beating all comers easily.

The Independents, Kappas, and Thetas ended the regular basketball season in a three-way knot. Post season round robin play-off failed to untie the knot. For the first time in history the basketball cup was retired from circulation for a year.

Winter term was inactive, only the hockey games between chosen teams were completed. Golf and tennis competition was started to carry over into the present term.

Concurrently volleyball has started, while riding, swimming, fencing, and archery are in the offering. At the close of the fall and winter terms the Independents and Gamma



"Just close your eyes and fall backwards"

Phi held the lead in the intramural race. However, with so much undecided, third ranking Thetas, with tennis practically sewed up, still are in the running.

EXTRA-MURAL

The annual Stetson-Rollins Sports Day was held here April 5th. At its close the Tarlettes had again proved supreme over the Hatters with victories in basketball, volleyball, archery, and golf, to overshadow a loss in tennis.

Try this one next time you feel low



"B" Little, golf; Betty Phillips, aviation; Alma Vander Velde, diving, Dorothy Bundy, tennis; Betty Bundesen, dancing; Shirley Bowstead, archery





An old English Morris dance.



Firing at close range.

The All-State Sports Day early in May promises a real test of strength as Tallahassee and Miami swing into action.

Rallins co-eds drew seconds by successful defense of two titles won last year. For the second consecutive year the Tarlette cage squad annexed the Orlando Community League basketball crown. Competition was stiffer than in the 1939-40 season, and the final decision was made by a

thrilling tie play off tilt against the Orlando High School entrant, on a score of 26-14.

The Rallins feminine archers made a clean sweep of individual and team performance in the Florida State Intercollegiate Telegraphic meet conducted in December. Team score of 1207 was higher than the previous year and better than any other entrant could sight. Shirley Bawstead led a field of twenty contestants on 361 for her Columbia Round,

Mr. Haley does not participate in women's athletics.



The Orlando girls gang up on "Bobbie."





Our best photographer was trompled. Only this picture was saved



Moestro Ehrlich demands good health in his Fencing pupils.

330 points netted Mary Trendle third spot, followed by Polly Prestholdt in fourth on 318. Jane Coates rounded out the quartet on a score of 198.

Entrance in a National Telegraphic Meet is contemplated in May.

Other sports enjoyed renewed interest. Riding enthusiasts formed a club for breakfast and supper jaunts, showed in the Goodfellow December Charity show and in the All-

Southern Show held in March.

A co-ed formation swimming squad started practice late in spring term. Fine work may be expected from them next year.

Finally, spring in the air has been calling the devotees of diamondball. An improvised team is on its way to offer practice competition to the community teams in pre-season prepping period.—D. H.

Jonet Jones (center) never cared for tennis.



This game looks so easy when they do it



YOU AND YOUR NEUROSES



BY ROD MACARTHUR

I can't understand why the Rollins catalogue or the Tomokan or something hasn't mentioned the maladjusted student at Rollins. Is his name legion or is he a lone figure on the campus? There's no telling because nobody at Rollins ever talks about him, and he himself is the last person to admit his existence. However, I know the story of the maladjusted student at Rollins because—Shh! You understand, of course, that this is strictly between you and me—I was one.

Yes, now I may as well tell you the whole mournful story. At Rollins I just didn't get along. I don't know why it was. It couldn't have been my heredity, for that was of the finest. Grandfather was the dandy of Chicago in the gay nineties, so I should have had sex appeal. Grandmother was a Russian spy and knew all the secrets of the Crimean Wars long before Mati Hari. Congeniality was in my genes. Father swindled Southern Cal. Power and Light out of several millions—ingenuity. So you see, I couldn't have failed because of heredity. Perhaps it was the factors in my conditioning before coming to Rollins.

I graduated from Wimbleby High in June and spent the summer reading *Esquire* to find out what I should wear at college to insure my social success. In September I bought a handsome College-Wardrobe. Then I met a fellow who had been to college before. He told me nobody at real colleges ever wears *Esquire* College-Wardrobes. So I gave my wardrobe to my brother Heathcliff, who was trying to get into the exclusive Wimbleby Country Club, only to find on arriving at college that at Rollins they really dress like *Esquire*. All I could do to redeem myself was to buy a very jaunty pipe and a very jaunty corduroy hat. The pipe made me sick whenever I smoked it, but I wore the hat with no apparent ill effects.

On top of this distorted preconception of college clothes, I changed to the wrong train at Jacksonville and was whisked down to Miami before I knew what had happened. As a result I arrived in Winter Park on the northbound train. I guess the reception committee didn't expect anyone to be coming in on that train because the station was empty. The weather was awfully warm, and I was perspiring in my Wimbleby football sweater. I was carrying four suitcases, a bag of golf clubs, a tennis racquet, and a guitar which I had brought along to entertain the boys in the



I had a fleeting desire to take the next train back to Wimbleby.

...I stumbled over a...sprinkler...



dorm. I had a fleeting desire to take the next train back to Wimbleby. I didn't though, I called a taxi. This was my first mistake.

I deposited my things in a dark ugly building called Chose Hall, and hurried over to the Annie Russell Theatre for an Orientation lecture. On the way I stumbled over a sprinkler hidden in the grass and bruised my knee slightly.

The Dean of Men sat on the floor in front of the stage so that it was hard to see him. He spoke for two hours. "Make the most of your time at college," he said. "Know thyself. Mould events; don't let them control you . . . Are you going to be a credit to Rollins?" I asked myself: Was I going to prepare for living and be One of The Chosen on Honors Day? Yes! In spite of the heat and my hurt knee, I would master my destiny, and perhaps in later years I would return to my Alma Mater smoking a cigar in a chauffeur-driven limousine and present President Holt with a new building. MacArthur Hall it would be called.

When I got back to Chose Hall, my guitar was smashed.

My roommate was a rather unsocial chap. His name was Dick and he came from Tabor Prep School. He had rowed on the Tabor Crew when it beat Eton on the Thames, and he'd shot lions in Africa. The first day he was pleasant and told me these things, but the morning of the third day he startled me by saying, "You think I'm a liar, don't you?" He never spoke to me again. Whenever I'd come into the room, he'd stop going through my things and just sit on his side of the room ignoring me.

Before I came to Rollins the same boy who gave me the misinformation about college clothes said that hazing had disappeared from real colleges along with pegtop trousers and turtleneck sweaters, which was some time ago. But at Rollins they preserve the tradition of "ratting" to help orient the new students. The rats are naturally inferior to the other students because they haven't been acquainted with the ideals of Rollins. Ratting shattered my dreams of controlling things. The upperclassmen beat me and ordered me about. I submitted to this treatment because they endured it their first year too.

So for I hadn't moulded anything nor begun to make those life-long friendships of which Dr. Holt spoke. Already I was in need of advice, so I went to the Dean. He was



"Know thyself"



...and just sit over on his side of the room ignoring me.

"Look here, young man..."





...football at Rollins isn't like football at Wimbleby High,...



...I wasn't even accepted by the athletes.

my friend. I knew because it said so in the R Book. (I later learned that the R Book was written back in the thirties and was merely reprinted each year).

The Dean was a carking fellow but a little put out by my depression over such small things. "Laak here, young man," he said, "life is what you make it. What if you do have a hard time? The man with a will can triumph no matter what his difficulties."

I was greatly inspired and a little ashamed for nat recognizing this before. Then and there I resolved to pull myself up by my baatstraps and became a Big Man on Campus.

At all calleges I knew the best way to be a Big Man an Campus was to be a faatball hera, and, as I'd been star scatback at Wimbleby High, I went out far football. I didn't stay out very long though, because faatball at Rollins isn't like faatball at Wimbleby High, and also I last tauch with the rest of the callege because somehow nabady pays any attention to faatball heras at Rollins. Finally, I wasn't even accepted by the athletes. They scornfully referred to me as "MacArthur the Sucker" because I was out far faatball and wasn't an a faatball scharlarship.

To make things warse, rushing began. Every day as I entered Beanery with a bunch of freshmen, members of fraternities darted out from right and left and snatched my classmates away to their fraternity tables. They would take the fellow in front of me and the fellow in back, but I was always left to ga my awn way. Evidently the fraterni-



...but I was always left...

"Have a smoke?"





So I pledged KA...

ties didn't know anything about me. Well, I didn't know anything about them either. One day after supper on upperclassman approached me and extended his hand. "Hello, John," he said smiling. "My name's Farnsworth. Come on over to the house and shoot the bull with the boys."

He took me to a little room over in Rollins Hall. We sat on a couch all by ourselves. He edged over toward me. Cold chills ran up my back. Then he produced a package of cigarettes and said, "Hove a smoke?"

"No thank you," I answered.

He began to talk. "You know, John, joining the right group is the most important thing you can do at College. We—that is the fellows and I—feel that you're the kind of fellow that would fit into our bunch. We're all good chums at our house, not sissies like those other guys. Our national organization is one of the strongest, and we have 87 chapters in 46 of the 48 states. You'll find that we don't rush you like the others. The Sigma Nu's are interested in quality not quantity. We feel that if a fellow feels he wants to be one of us, and we feel that he's the sort of fellow who feels the same as we feel, then we feel he ought to be one of us."

On pledge day I didn't want to join any fraternity, but the Sigma Nu boy had told me that the Independents didn't have any power on campus and besides "They—well—just weren't." So I pledged KA, because they had the best house and besides it was the only one I got a bid to, and I didn't want to be—well—just not. As I stepped in the door they descended on me as one man and shook my hand. Then there was a little pledging ceremony.

Everybody was very brotherly the first day, but soon they began gathering around the piano and singing and leaving me out because I was uncongenial with them. I found that I was a pledge which is even more inferior than a rat during ratting if such a thing can be. There was another ceremony every Monday night which included beating all the pledges with paddles. At the same time I saw less and less of my few former friends who had joined other fraternities.

One day I met a girl who was crying because she had joined a sorority which wasn't the best one, and it was costing her a lot of money and she was completely isolated from the other girls. The world looked dork everywhere I turned.

The next day Jack Buckwalter, our fraternity president, came up to me and said, "Rod, don't you want to become a Big Man on Campus?"



...but soon they began gathering around the piano and singing...

"Rod, don't you want to become a Big Man on Campus?"





...vying with the other actors to see who could give the loudest imitation of a cockney scrubwoman.

It surprised me to have him mention the very thing I wanted to be, but I looked indifferent and answered, "Humm, might be nice. Hadn't thought of it."

"Well," he said, "why don't you get yourself before the public eye? Join the Inter-Relations Club—For the good

of the fraternity—get your picture in the Tomokan. Get into student plays."

Of course, I thought. That's what I would do. I would justify the Dean's faith in the man with a will. "How do I become a Rollins actor?" I asked.

Jack smiled slowly. "Oh, just let your hair grow, go around with Murphy, and tell about your Uncle Carl, the famous playwright."

So I went about vying with the other actors to see who could give the loudest imitation of a cockney scrubwoman. Every now and then I'd let fall a remark about how Uncle Carl wrote his best plays under the influence of opium, and all about the thirty-six concubines he kept. Things began to look up. People referred to me as "that show-off" which I took to mean they were jealous of my ability as an actor.

The student players were going to give The Passing of the Third Floor Back by Jerome K. Jerome which was rather successful on Broadway in 1905. I tried out for Jape Samuels, a Rogue from the City. Afterwards Mr. Bailey, the director, told me he was sorry but Eddie Waite got the part because he'd had more experience.

It was just as well, I said to myself. Why should I lend my name and talent to make money for that stupid old dramatics department anyway? Nonetheless, the incident depressed me a great deal, and my faith was fast slipping away when the Dean's stirring words rang again in my ears: The man of character will triumph over all obstacles! At least I could get my picture in the Tomokan.



...He was sorry but Eddie Waite got the part...

The next day I went to the chapel gardens where they were taking a Tomokan picture of the French Club. Dudley Darling, the editor, was there and wouldn't let me be in it because I wasn't dressed up. "Nothing goes in the Tomokan that isn't o credit to the school," he said. "Go change your clothes and be bock in ten minutes for the Spanish Club picture."

I put on my black suit ond hurried bock to find the Spanish Club grouped in front of the camero. I took my ploce and they all started to get up. "Sorry," said the editor, "you're too lote. We just snopped that picture." I tried to get into the Inter-Relations Club picture, but there were seventy in the group and no room for me, although there were never more than five or six ot regular meetings. They didn't take o picture of the Russion Club. Finally one day I heard they were taking o group picture on the Horseshoe after lunch.

I hurried through my meol. This was easy because all the platters—except potatoes, and I hate potatoes—started on my left, went around to the other side of the table, and were empty by the time they got to me. The woirer was a husky athlete who couldn't be intimidated into getting me a second serving. When I was holf-way through my soup, he brought dessert ond began taking up the dishes. I jumped up from the table ond rushed out to the Horseshoe stopping only a second to stumble over a convenient sprinkler. I made it—just in time to get into my first group picture.

This little success encouraged me in spite of my under-nourishment to moke my mork as one of the Rollins literati. Even after I quit the drama I still let my hair grow, so the next day after lunch I sot on the Horseshoe with the literati.

"Don't you think Thomos Mann is owfully middle-class?" I began. Betty Miller looked stortled and lit a cigarette.



"Sorry. . . We just snopped that picture."



...except potatoes and I hate potatoes...

...only to trip over another one...

...my first group picture.





...with the literati.

"I didn't know you were a writer," said Tom Casey.

"Oh, yes," I answered "I'm working now on a little novel." Fortunately nobody asked to see it.

"Really, Roderick, darling," Jess Gregg said, "you must write something for the Flamingo. You're assured of a reading public no matter what drivel you write, because every student pays for all the publications whether he wants them or not."

"I never write drivel."

Just then Mary Ann Wilson came running toward us. "Have you seen the Count de Fairien?" she screamed. "He's just arrived for a series of lectures. Oh, he's just wonderful!"

"Oh, yes, I read his latest book, Un Ete avec Jeannot et Colin en Normandie," said Peggy Hudgings.

They were all well acquainted with the great dignitary. If I could only become intimate with M. de Fairien, I thought, my place among the Rollins literati would be secure. I tried to do this several times, but could never get close to him.



...but could never get close to him.

The literati soon got wind of the fact that I had been unable to meet the distinguished Count and dropped me from their set. There was, however, still a group left in which I might gain prominence for the good of the fraternity—the intellectuals.

These people looked on the superficial literati much as the literati looked on the mundane business administration majors. I gathered with them one evening in the Gamma Phi lodge. Don Cram and Bob Burns immediately started an argument about transcendental form as distinguished from permanent substance.

"Now the per-atoms represent the indeterminate element in my system," said Don. "You see, they . . ."

"Oh, but they're altogether without existential import," Bob broke in.

"Don't you say that about Don's per-atoms!" cried Jeanie Turner.

During a lull in the conversation I went home, but my foggy consciousness went with me. On the way I passed a marble slab. LIFE IS FOR SERVICE it said.

...the intellectuals... "Now the per-atoms represent..."



...I passed a marble slab.





Safe in my room, I began to brood

Safe in my room, I began to brood. Is life really for service? Have I done anything for the good of my fraternity? Yes—no. No! I must not be shackled by narrow fraternity bonds. I must work for the good of humanity. Of course—and in order to do that I must become a Big Man on Campus. But I had tried that and failed. I hadn't fitted in with anybody. Perhaps I was a misfit. "Oh!" I cried out. "Perhaps I was maladjusted." The thought terrified me. What if I had had some bad breaks? The Dean was right. I could become a Big Man on Campus by dint of sheer will. I would succeed in campus politics.

The next day I broke my pledge with the K.A.'s and joined the Lambda Chi's, because whatever you want to do at Rollins you've got to belong to the right fraternity for it. I got together with the campus political boss named Kelly and hatched a plot. I was to be made President of the Student Association. We called Dick Roddo and had a secret pow-wow. The Lambda Chi's and the X Club were ganged together against the K.A.'s. We were already assured of the Kappa and the Theta votes, and the Independents were going to be squeezed out altogether. Our fraternity controlled most of the votes on the Publications Union (which is self-perpetuating and can vote in the same groups year after year and keep the others out) and was going to use that power to force the remaining sororities and fraternities into line. Everything was set. I was to become a Big Man on Campus at last.

Then the blow fell. At the last minute Kelly came to me and explained, "I'm afraid you stated an opinion on some issue earlier in the year, and we'll have to find another candidate whose ideas nobody knows anything about. Sorry."

My face fell. "Oh come now, it isn't so bad as all that."



I was to be made president...

"Oh, come now, it isn't so bad as all that"





"Well...let's vote!"

This would have been too much to bear if Sally McCaslin hadn't appeared then and asked me, since I was close to the political powers, to help get \$1,029 for the Flamingo out of the Student Association Budget. "You'll have to ask for it at the Student Council meeting tonight," she said. "Not more than ten people on campus read the Flamingo, so it may be a tough fight."

She had aroused the old MacArthur pride, and besides

here was a last chance to get before the public eye. Armed with answers for most of the arguments against the grant, I entered the council chamber. Now I would get a chance to orate before this select group.

There was some confusion in the meeting. Twelve other people had asked for money ranging from \$200 to \$3,000 for athletic awards, debate, and so forth. I began meekly, "The Flamingo would like \$1,029," I said.

...I felt much worse by the contrast.



"O.K.," said the secretary marking it down, "that brings the budget to \$10,004."

"Now we'll vote on the budget," said the president.

"Wait a second," an Independent protested. "How about investigating these expenditures?"

"Aw, we did that last year," said Don Riddle, the K.A. Council member.

"No," answered the Independent, "last year we postponed the investigation till this year."

The Phi Delt representative jumped up. "Well, we've fooled with the budget long enough. Let's vote!"

It was passed unanimously, and I went out greatly shaken. No one had even noticed me.

By now, as you can imagine, I was pretty unnerved. I shrank from any activity which involved contact with people. I sat for hours reading the list of honorary societies in the college catalogue:

Omicron Delta Kappa—installed in 1931 for the purpose of fostering interest on campus. Membership is conferred upon men who have distinguished themselves in campus activities.

Rollins Key Society—founded in 1927 to foster interest on campus and preserve the ideals of Rollins. Membership is based on leadership in campus activities.

Order of the Libra—was organized in 1935 for the purpose of encouraging campus interest.

O.O.O.O.—is an honorary society to promote the ideals of the college, to foster interest on campus and develop a spirit of leadership in campus activities."

Reading these made me recognize even more how far I was from being a Big Man on Campus. Every now and then a feeling came over me as though I were walking through thick brambles in a heavy fog. I went to Dr. Waite, the psychologist, to see if he could help me. He impressed me as being so terribly well adjusted himself that I felt much worse by the contrast.

Then one day some of the older boys took me around behind Chase Hall. "Are we alone?" asked the oldest whose name was June Lingerfelt.

"Yeah, it's O.K.," whispered another whose name was Bill House.

"Go ahead and tell him, June," said a third man named Charlie Arnold.

"Well, MacArthur, you know what's the matter with you? June began, "You're repressed. You ain't been having a good sex-life. Why don't you go out with some of the glamour-girls?"

"Sure," said Bill. "You could become a glamour-boy like me."

Of course. Why hadn't I thought of it myself? The one way I could become a Big Man on Campus if I had no special talent was to be a glamour-boy. All I needed was to be a Phi Delt and have clothes, money and a car.

I bought the most expensive Cadillac convertible I could find, and zipped about the college, content that I had the best car on the campus. The next day, however, another potential glamour-boy traded his Chrysler super-convertible



"You ain't been having a good sex life."



...and zipped about the college...



I learned to play bridge so I could pledge Phi Delt



...and pretended to be reading magazines

Now the question was...



for a special-built Packard convertible making my car number 2 on campus. And then next term seven boys and girls returned to school with new convertibles.

But I wasn't thwarted so easily. I learned to play bridge so I could pledge Phi Delt. Because I hadn't been getting along well with the Lambda Chi's after they found I couldn't run for president, I didn't mind breaking my pledge to them. The Phi Delt's acted kind of funny too. Whenever I came in the chapter room, they all grouped in the corner and pretended to be reading magazines. I didn't care. I was in now and had the gay life of the glamour-boy to look forward to.

Now the question was: What girls should I "go" with? The most interesting ones seemed to have purposes and didn't belong to the right sororities, so of course they weren't glamour-girls, the fellows told me. By now, it was late in the year, and many others were also ineligible because they were married or going steady. This narrowed my search to the straight glamour-girl. They were easy to identify on campus since they always wore shapeless skirts and sweaters no matter what the weather. I suppose this was calculated to make people think, "She must have some hidden qualities; she looks so awful."

In spite of their apparent unattractiveness I began dating glamour-girls. I took Jenelle to Harper's one night. Bill Chick, X Club glamour-boy, came in with Eddie Alao, and Bob Whiston, and Ella Parshall and sat down at our table. We talked about how Myers was trying to graduate without becoming a trustee and about how many drinks we'd had the other night. I explained to them that I couldn't stand beer, but that I thrived on absinthe. Chick seemed very much fascinated by Jenelle. We went home at ten because of the late hour rule. I had drunk enough to feel a little nausea as I went to bed. A dull fuzzy feeling followed me around the next day.

The next night I took Pris to Robbie's. Ed Morris and Bob Ferguson, brother Phi Delt's, were there. Ed told how he had had ten Scotch-and-sodas before he came. I'd had twenty, I told him, and explained that I couldn't stand beer, but that I just thrived on absinthe. Bob seemed quite fascinated by Pris. We went home at ten o'clock because



...that I couldn't stand beer...

of the late hour rule. The same fuzzy feeling followed me around all the next day.

I took Puss out the next night. Bill Royall and Bill Milner came along. They seemed fascinated by Puss and kept lighting her cigarettes. We talked about our drinks and about absinthe and went home at ten o'clock because of the late hour rule. I felt terrible all the next day.

At last my social prestige was rising because I went with girls who were popular with the other boys, but so far I'd found no gaiety, no sex, and I was paying a heavy toll in dull fuzzy feelings.

The next evening I took my favorite glamour-girl to Genius Drive. I was a little afraid, but she was very pleasant, and we discussed Bob Davis and absinthe. Then we came back to school and walked down to the lakefront. The setting was very tropical and romantic. We talked and—went home at ten because of the late hour rule. In short, my relations with Rollins glamour-girls were very expensive and showy, but they were a little dull and formalized and—well, if I'm forced to come right out with it—awfully frustrating.



Bob seemed quite fascinated by Pris.

...and kept lighting her cigarettes.



I was a little afraid,...





We talked and...



...that was why I went stag.



...to do the new Zonga

...and was stuck the rest of the evening.



I was disgusted with girls in general; that was why I went stag to the college dance. I cut in only on glamour-girls so I wouldn't get stuck. (One thing nice about Rollins is the usual obsence of dance-crazes, but this night they all wonted to do the new Zonga.) It is much horder to tell the glamour-girls from the un-glomour girls at a dance. I cut in on one of the lotter and was stuck for the rest of the evening.

That night, after I'd gone to sleep, someone put heavy weights on my chest and legs. Just before I woke up in the morning they came in ogoin ond took the weights off and slipped barrel-stoves under my ribs in such a clever way as to leave no outward sign of their presence.

I was no closer to being a Big Man on Campus than before I'd talked to June Lingerfelt, and I was much more frustrated. And to make matters worse, I got a notice from the Deon reminding me of the scholarship regulotions I'd signed ot the beginning of the year.

I didn't remember signing any scholarship regulotions, although I did hove a \$46 scholarship. I hurried over to the Dean's office (slowing down to ovoid a sprinkler, only to trip over another one) ond found thot, hidden among the entrance popers I'd signed, was o paper promising: 1, not to operote a car or indulge in any other extrovagance; 2, not to frequent places where intoxicoting liquors were sold; and 3, to maintain a standard of social conduct above reproach. This last gave me pouse. "Whose reprooch?" I wondered.

It seemed the college was putting on o big drive to raise ten million dollars for a student union building ot the time and they didn't want any of the students moking spectacles of themselves in the eyes of the Winter visitors. Now I was not only retiring and repressed, I was downright frightened. Suppose, I thought, the college retoins some of the Winter residents and housemothers os spies on my sociol conduct. Oh, they must be demons to permit themselves to be so employed!



...retains...Winter residents...as spies on my social conduct.

I had failed at everything. All my dreams of shining in the Rollins sun were falling away. I was just a bundle of complexes that could never possibly be a Big Man on Campus. I was about to give up the great battle when the image of the Dean flashed on my mind's eyes. "Look here, young man," it seemed to say, "have you forgotten that life is what you make it? What if you have failed at everything? You can still succeed by dint of sheer will; you can still be a scholar."

There were two kinds of students who really worked at Rollins and consequently were never seen on campus: the conservatory students and the science students. Music seemed a little on the artistic side, and, since I was through with the arty groups, I became a science student, and resolved really to attend classes.

I went to Math 206w class. The instructor came in. "Assignment for today is problems 100 through 400," he said. "If you need any help I'll be in my office." On problem 346 I got stuck and went in to see him. He worked on it for some time. "Now, I have it in this form," he said finally. "You can work it out from there." He handed me a ream of paper and sent me out. I was as confused as ever and hid in the library till a Winter visitor came in and scared me out.



"Now I have it in this form..."

...hid in the library till a Winter visitor...scared me out



Chemistry was exacting drudgery...





...Physics 104w was confusing drudgery...



...the teacher peered at me out of the gloom

Chemistry 105w was exacting drudgery, physics 104w was confusing drudgery, and biology 103w was the worst of all. This would never do. I went to my advisor, changed my schedule, and returned to the academic world of General Human Relations Major.

I went to Spanish class on a cloudy day. The room was on the second floor of Knowles Hall and full of worm, dry air. It was high, very high, and dark. On the far side of the room the teacher peered at me out of the gloom. As the period wore on, the dry depression of the place bore in upon me till I gave a little cry and scurried down the stairs to French class. This instructor told me, "The French are an irresponsible, lazy people. Oh, but they are charm-

ing elfin-like fellows as well." This shattered my faith in what I had always thought was an industrious, high-minded nation. Disillusioned, I went to Speech. A Miss Sandlin came out and in a very dramatic voice read the rules of posture which the students were required to copy in their notebooks. I went to English and the professor told me, "Now the seventeenth century attitude was somewhat different from ours. Of course, today we don't feel the way we did in the fourteenth century either. The fourteenth century is best illustrated in certain of Matthew Arnold's criticisms. Remember that these were written about a period long before Keats. Keats's attitude was more modern. On my first meeting with Carl Sandburg..."

"Oh, but they're charming elfin-like fellows as well."



The room seemed to get larger and smaller as if it were breathing. Perhaps I was going mad.

So far I had seen nothing of the famed Rollins Socratic conference system which draws the student out. I went to history, but still did not find it. The professor bellowed knowledge at me all period. I wasn't allowed to express myself until the religion instructor took me outside and asked me to look into my soul.

This was the last thing I should have done in my condition, but I looked and the sight was too horrible to behold! There were clanking chains and wicked trolls and a great blue snake coiling around my spirit. On Honors Day I wasn't elected to O.D.K. nor O.O.O.O. I didn't get any medals or trophies. I didn't get anything. On my way back to my room I noticed another marble slab between the X Club and the Phi Delt houses: MANNERS MAKETH MAN.

I went in my room and locked the door, and drew the blind. At the end of my first day of meditation, a huge bronze death mask of Dr. Holt materialized on the wall. It began talking, "Fourteen years ago . . ." The second day two winter residents appeared and stared disapprovingly at the Petty Girl on my wall. Finally, the third day, a white plaster head of the Dean rose out of my desk top. I'm sure I would have broken all together and gone completely mad if it hadn't come when it did—my droft notice.

Here was my chance to leave this place of horror and maladjustment, to go away and gloriously serve my Uncle Sam. I seized the opportunity and arrived in camp last week.

I sometimes think of Rollins. Has anything changed since I was there? Things here haven't gone so well for me yet, but the Colonel is a corking fellow, very inspiring. He says, "Army life is what you make it. The real soldier will make his mark, no matter how tough the going." I'm planning to pull myself up by my bootstraps and rise in the service.



The professor bellowed knowledge at me.



...and asked me to look into my soul.

I didn't get anything



...a white plaster head of the Dean rose out of my desk top



MY GROUP DESERVES THE CREDIT

I should like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to Mr. Dudley Darling, without whose inspiration and help as editor, I could never have gotten out this little year book. Unfortunately I was unable to be at the Tomokan office during the period of March 9-12 when my book was being compiled, but I understand Mr. Darling attended faithfully to the editing, make-up, and lay-out of the book and ministered to such members of my staff as were struck with The Madness during this time.

I should like also to thank Mr. John Homan who did most of the photography for me: a task which oftentimes required him to stay in my darkroom for hours at a time during the three-day period of preparation.

I am also indebted to Mr. Bob Burns for buzzing in and dashing off a sketch now and then; to Miss Joanne Oak for bestowing that inspired, effortless touch to our lay-out; to Miss Smokey Sholley for planning my Double-exposure Group Picture Schedule to fit our rather short working time; and to Mr. Frank Hedley for adding a word or two to my bit on "Life at Random" as well as for remembering the clever captions I occasionally dreamed up and re-laying them to the editor at the proper moment. Mr. Fagin Barber is to be commended for his invaluable puttering with Mr. Homan in my darkroom.

The whole thing has been a terrific strain on us all,

especially on me because I was pretty anxious to see my book come off.

It is to be regretted that to date I have found no way to spend the nice extra money which Messrs. Sedlmayr and Matthews made for me by selling more advertising than ever before. It is especially sad after these gentlemen put in the two full working days of March 11, 12 interviewing applicants for advertising space. This necessitated their staying in my office from eleven or eleven-thirty in the morning right up till closing time at 3:30 p.m. excepting of course time off for lunch.

Mr. Alden Manchester assisted me with many little details in his capacity as Mr. Darling's associate editor. Mr. Ted Pitman gave up the rainy afternoons of March 9, 10 to edit sports, and Mr. Tad Cist snapped several interesting pictures the same days. Mr. Tom Casey lent to our little group an air of busy-ness. Mr. Peter Boulton was good enough to drop by and leave a few pictures for me, and Miss Alma Vander Velde consulted with me on an artistic problem.

I acknowledge my gratitude to all of these—and to Mr. Dick Kelly for something he wrote.

I remain,

Your Obedient Servant,

General Roderick MacArthur.

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Alfred Eisenstaedt

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Other photos by Robert Dittrich and John Homan.

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Sirs:

Enclosed please find snaps of "Fatty." We tried to get "Fatty" to join the moa-moo club but she just wouldn't. "I'm doing all right with the figure I have," was her only comment. Most of "Fatty's" fun comes when she cuts up the corpses hanging around the lab. "Gives me emotional release," she said

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Sirs,

Our staff was sent to Rollins to cover life there. We shot many unusual angles but of all we took none seemed closer to the personalities of your delightful students than the ones we enclose. We have been great admirers of your wonderful publication and do hope that you can find some small corner to put these in.

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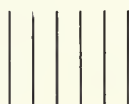
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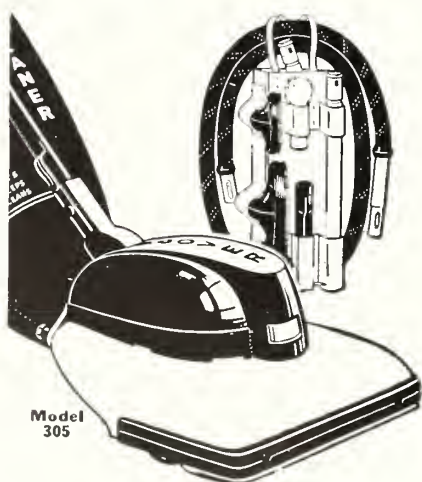
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